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THE OLD COLONY TOWN

AND THE AMBIT OF BUZZARDS BAY

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THE OLD COLONY TOWN
AND OTHER SKETCHES

BY

WILLIAM ROOT BLISS

AUTHOR OF COLONIAL TIMES ON
BUZZARD'S BAY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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1893

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"I have already told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to give thyself no care about it".

Yet, if anybody finds half as much pleasure in reading it as I have found in writing it, I shall not be sorry that it was printed.

W.R.B.

Greystones, Short Hills,
Essex County, New Jersey,

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THE OLD COLONY TOWN

THE OLD COLONY TOWN

Coming up from Buzzard's Bay through the woods, I get my first view of the spires of Plymouth from the top of a hill. The town lies on a sloping plain between the sea and a range of pine-covered hills, which, beginning behind it, extend about thirty miles in a southeasterly direction and end on the Atlantic Ocean.

It is easy to discover that the thing which the town lacks is a steady harbor; one that will stay at home all day and not go away at night. Whenever the tide runs out, the harbor runs out also, leaving in its place broad, oozy flats which offer good pickings to plover, whose flying cry is a startling note among the sounds of a summer night. Through the ooze wind narrow channels of shallow water to the sea. By the deepest of these the distance is about eight miles from the Gurnet Lights, at the entrance of the

harbor, to Plymouth Rock. If the Rock could attract the sea as it attracts sight-seers, the Old Colony Town would have a respectable harbor, and might call itself the pleasantest for situation of any town on the coast of Massachusetts.

Every day in summer a steamboat comes from Boston, and pours ashore a multitude of men, women, and children, who pass by the hackmen in waiting, and rush to the Rock. A steamboat made the same voyages more than half a century ago; but it brought no pilgrims. Now they constitute a daily show, which serves to entertain the loungers who are sitting atop of Cole's Hill watching the modern pilgrims as they hasten to their shrine. They walk around the Rock; they put their hands on it; they gaze at it; they spell aloud the inscription, "1620;" they step across it; they stand still on it and make good resolutions; and I have seen respectable-looking men and women meet on it, and kiss each other.

It is difficult to explain this fetichism, which besets not only the multitudes coming by sea, but those also who come in railroad trains from distant parts of the country.

Plymouth Rock, elevated into the protection of iron pickets and gates, sheltered from sun and rain by a granite canopy, has become to strangers and wayfarers a curiosity as extraordinary as a mermaid or a flying horse would be.

Looking eastward from the Rock, you see a long sand spit stretching out from the south shore. It keeps the sea swells from rolling over the harbor when the harbor is in. It was once covered with trees; and a town-meeting of the year 1702, considering "the grat damage likly to accrew the harbour by cutting down the pine trees at the beach," did order "that henceforth Noe pine trees shall be felled on forfiture of 5 shillings pr tree & that Noe man shall set aney fire on sd beach on forfiture of 5 shillings per time." Now there is not a tree on it. People go there for fish dinners and picnics, and to set fires for clambakes. A little steamboat named "Mary Chilton" carries sight-seers to the beach; an electric car named "Mary Chilton" carries them through the streets; and Chiltonville is a little village near by. The Chilton name is an incantation in the Old Colony Town.

I asked a deck-hand, as we were steaming to the beach for a dinner, "Who is Mary Chilton? Does she own this steamboat?" He did not know; he had been aboard only two months. I went up to the pilot-house, and, leaning into the window, I asked the captain: "Who is Mary Chilton?" He gave me a quizzical look. "She was the first woman," said he, "that landed on the Rock." "Is that true?" I replied. "Did they land on the Rock? The mate of the Mayflower was a seaman; don't you think he ran his boat right on the sand? Then the passengers jumped out, and he hauled her up. Just as you would do it if you had pulled a boat to Plymouth Beach. You would n't lay her alongside a rock to rub her paint off?" The captain looked straight at me, and said: "Where did you get your information?"

That is a question which should be put to all writers who, through the media of romance and tradition, have been weaving fables into the history of the Old Colony Town.

Up to the year 1741, this famous Rock, which is now the magnet of the town, rested

on the shore unnoticed. It was in the way of commerce, and some persons having, as the phrase of the time was, "Libertie to Whorfe downe into the sea," were about to cover it with a wharf. Then Thomas Faunce, ninety-four years old, came up from the back country and protested, and told the wharf-builders that his father told him when he was a boy that the Mayflower passengers landed on the Rock. The memory of a man ninety-four years old is not likely to be correct in regard to words spoken when he was a boy. Moreover, Faunce's father was not a passenger in the Mayflower, and therefore he did not tell this story to his son from a personal knowledge of the landing. The wharf was built; and the Rock eventually became the doorstep of a warehouse.

During Faunce's lifetime some of the passengers by the Mayflower were his townsmen; and some of these were in the shallop which came to the shore from Clark's Island on the 11th of December, 1620. There were no women in that boat, and it is not known when any women were landed from the ship. The only record of the first landing is in these words: "They sounded ye harbor &

founde it fitt for shipping, and marched into ye land & found diverse cornfeilds & little runing brooks, a place fitt for situation; at least it was ye best they could find." From what point on the shore the men who were prospecting for the colony "marched into ye land" is not known. Romance and a vague tradition have designated this Rock, the only boulder on the shore; but its remoteness from the island seems to forbid the supposition that the shallop went so far away from its direct course to find a landing place.

And yet there is some reason for believing the story of the Rock. Faunce was born in the year 1647. He was therefore ten years old when Governor Bradford died, twenty-six years old when John Howland died, thirty-six years old when Samuel Fuller died, thirty-seven years old when Henry Samson and Samuel Eaton died, forty years old when John Alden and Elizabeth Tilley died. All these persons were passengers in the Mayflower, and some of them were in the shallop when the first landing was made. When Faunce related his story, the landing was not so ancient an event as to have lost its traditionary details; and he may have told

what was already known to others, who, feeling that whether their ancestors landed on a rock, or on the beach, was a matter of no importance, did not trouble themselves to come forth and confirm Faunce's story.

To get a good view of the Old Colony Town and its surroundings, you must go to the crown of Burial Hill. Here a charming prospect of sea and shore is opened, on a sunny day when the tide is full. It embraces the whole scene of explorations made by the Pilgrims from the time when the Mayflower anchored in Cape Cod Harbor until she discharged her passengers on Plymouth strand. Looking eastward, your eyes rest upon the glittering expanse of Cape Cod Bay, and you may think of the tearful eyes in "new plimoth" when, after a five months' anchorage in the harbor, the Mayflower was seen from this lookout to spread her sails and slip across the bay for England, leaving behind her those who were fast bound by a seven years' contract with the Adventurers in London. There is not a sail in sight, and you may imagine yourself to be one of the homesick colonists posted on the hill to watch for a ship long expected from the English home.

After your eyes get accustomed to the distant range, you notice on the eastern horizon a patch of gray color. It is the barren, sandy highland of Cape Cod, which, when the Mayflower arrived, was "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood." Below you is the town sloping away to the wharves, where three or four schooners are moored. To the right the coast trends off in bluffs. Opposite these, on the left, Duxbury Beach comes down and ends in a promontory which holds up the Gurnet Lights. The quaint name of this point of land was in old times "the gurnetts nose;" and if you should sketch the facial features of the shore in continuation from it, Elisha's Point, with the bluffs of Manomet Hill, would form the lip and chin, and the channel above would be the open mouth of Plymouth. The nose was covered with trees when Englishmen saw it in 1620. A description of lot boundaries, written seventy-five years later, mentions the names of trees growing there: walnuts, poplars, cedars, and hornbeam, which was a hard wood used for the keels of ships. A town meeting in 1630 ordered that the

trees of "gurnetts nose bee Reserved for the use of a minnester onely John Smith the boates man att Plymouth hath libertie this yeare to fech what he needeth." What John Smith had done to entitle him to free firewood does not appear. But the "minnester" was the famous Roger Williams, unto whom the town gave "for this year" sixty pounds to live on, besides the trees.

Leaving these things out of mind, look at the tortuous channels of the harbor as the tide is running out, and you may wonder how it happened that a boat from the Mayflower, carrying "10 of their principall men and some sea men," got safely into the harbor during a northeast gale, and found way to an anchorage "under ye lee of a smalle iland," when "it was very darke and rained sore." The island was at that time thickly wooded; afterwards it became a valuable part of the town's assets, rented for the making of salt, for a sheep pasture, or for a fishing station; the tenants being forbidden to carry off any wood "except to keep fier in theire boates." When in the year 1688 the officers of Sir Edmund Andros announced that conveyances of land made by the In-

dians were worth no more than the scratch of a bear's paw, and they required the selectmen to appear before him "to make out their title" to the island, the Old Colony Town resisted Andros, and by the cost of so doing was compelled "to make saile" of it.

The island is in plain view from Burial Hill. As an old surveyor said, it is "bearing from the meeting-house in Plymouth north by northeast about three miles." It is entitled to fame because upon it New England history began, Saturday night, December the ninth, in the year 1620. The frightened men aboard the shallop, says William Bradford, who was one of them, "knew not this to be an iland till morning." However, he says, they "got ashore & with much adoe got fire, all things being so wett;" then, "after midnight ye wind shifted to the northwest & it frose hard."

"And this being the last day of ye weeke," says the narrative, "they prepared ther to keepe ye Sabath," on the island; thus laying the corner-stone in a foundation on which New England was to be built. For "a great hope & inward zeall they had of laying some good foundation, though they should be but

even as stepping-stones unto others." Orators who are apt to say, after dinner, that these men "builded wiser than they knew," do not seem to be aware that they did not build at all. They attempted to lay a foundation only, and upon this their posterity constructed what now exists.

The oldest date cut in any stone on the hill is 1681. It marks the grave of Edward Gray, who was in his time the richest merchant of the colony. His name was frequently written in the town records, in which for once only was he called "Goodman Gray." The amount of his town tax indicates that his trading transactions were large, the tax being "for six score pound" in profits, while no other trader was taxed in the same year for more than ten pounds; and James Cole, the innkeeper, whose daily business would naturally be more active than that of a trader, was taxed for eighty pounds. The warehouse of this foremost merchant was situated "att Rockey Nooke by the water-syde." The name only is there to-day. In the year 1670 he was the owner of three of the seven fishing-smacks then hailing from Plymouth. Successful as he was, he could

not write his own name; a deficiency which he shared with many prominent men and women in New England. Nathanjel Morton, Secretary of the Colony Court, could write, but his four married daughters could not, nor could the wife of Governor Bradford. The education of women was not regarded with universal favor in the Old Colony Town. Mr. Davis, in his "Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth," says that in the year 1793 a project to establish a school for girls was opposed because it might teach wives how to correct their husbands' errors in spelling. The schoolmaster was never abroad in Colonial New England. Records written by town officers and accounts written in private families are miserably illiterate, and are the evidences of a very meagre instruction given to children in common schools. Up to the beginning of this century these schools, judged by their results, were a disgrace to civilization.[1]

[1] If by any chance the Braintree village school of even a period so late as 1790 could for a single fortnight have been brought back to the Quincy of 1890, parents would in horror and astonishment have kept their children at home until a town meeting, called at the shortest possible legal notice, could be held; and this meeting would proba-

John Howland, of whom the Colony records say "He was the last man that was left of those that came over in the ship called the Mayflower," lived near Edward Gray at Rockey Nooke, and is supposed to have been buried in the hill. No one knows where he was buried. The inscription on the stone set up to his memory by a far-away descendant is a curious example of the untrustworthy nature of tradition. It says, on the authority of tradition, that he married the daughter of Governor Carver. The discovery of Bradford's manuscript history of "Plimouth Plantation," which in the year 1855 was found in the library of the Bishop of London, disclosed the fact that the tradition and the inscription on the stone were not true. "John Howland married the daughter of John Tillie, Elizabeth, and have 10 children now all living," wrote Bradford in the year 1650.

It is not probable that any of the Mayflower passengers were buried in this hill.

bly have culminated in a riot, in the course of which schoolhouse as well as school would have been summarily abated as a disgrace and a nuisance.—*Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, by Charles Francis Adams, p. 782.

In John Howland's time, and long before, it was the custom to bury the dead in the lands belonging to their homestead, where the burial was done with no ceremony of any kind; earth to earth, without even a prayer. The custom of burying in the homestead land still exists in New England. Many of the Mayflower company who died within the colony were probably buried in their own farms, and for this reason their graves are now unknown. Where were the forty-four buried who died in the winter of 1621, when there were no farms in Plymouth? The silence of the records on this subject is remarkable.

As the "common house" in which the colonists worshiped stood, until the year 1637, at the foot of Cole's Hill, this hill became the churchyard, according to a custom of Old England. The Pilgrims were not, like the Puritans, hostile to English customs. Their life in Holland weaned them from the English church, but it did not nurture in them that hatred of England which was shown by the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who, as Mr. Palfrey says, "had grown to be of one mind respecting the duty

of rejecting the whole constitution of the English establishment." Four skeletons which were exhumed from this hill in the year 1854, and are now lying in the chamber of the granite canopy that stands over the Rock, were certified by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to be the skeletons of Caucasians. This discovery supports the theory that Cole's Hill was the first burying place of the colonists. It has been said that graves on the hill were leveled and sown with grain to conceal from Indians the losses of the colony. The tender sentiment of this poetic and oft-repeated statement is dispelled by the fact that the neighboring Indians were friendly; and if they desired to know, it was easy to ascertain what the losses had been by counting the heads of the survivors.

In the year 1637, a house for religious worship was built at the foot of Burial Hill. After that date this hill became the churchyard; but the first recorded mention of it as a place of graves is in the diary of Judge Sewall, when he was holding court at Plymouth in March, 1698: "I walk out in the morn to see the mill, then turn up to the graves, come down to the meeting-house and

seeing the door partly open went in." The fact that there are but five stones on the hill dated before the year 1700 is conclusive that many of the dead were buried in the lands on which they had lived; and the recent discovery of the graves of Myles Standish and his daughter Lora, in Duxbury, confirms this conclusion.

Get into an electric car on its run through Main Street to Kingston, and it will carry you to Pilgrim Hall, a plain granite building which was erected many years ago, "in grateful remembrance of our ancestors who exiled themselves from their native country for the sake of religion," as a plate in its cornerstone says.

Although this museum contains many articles whose antiquity and associations make them interesting to an intelligent visitor, it is not irreverent to say that some of the things enshrined therein remind me of the contents of a curiosity shop, wherein are to be found the odds and ends gathered from various garrets. A museum established "in grateful remembrance of our ancestors" should not be a receptacle of rubbish. Rubbish is anything in the wrong place. Many things

which (like the human skulls and bones from Florida exhibited in this Hall) may be of great interest elsewhere are out of place in a museum whose principal claim to exist is that it represents the life and times of the first colonists of Plymouth. Here are, for example, Malay daggers, Algerine pistols, Chinese coins, South Sea shells, and a spoke from a wheel of John Hancock's carriage. Here is "a pair of spectacles which belonged to Captain Benjamin Church," through which that gallant soldier may have looked on King Philip, whom he slew; and here is an empty pocket-book labeled "which always belonged to the Church family," from which the visitor may conclude that the family is now extinct. Here are the dirk-knife, musket, and pistol of one John Thompson. Here is the sword of "Perigrine White's grandson," also a hay-fork from Bunker Hill, and the remnant of a hoe which was dug from the cellar of the Old Colony trading-house on Manomet River. The human feeling which refuses to forget the past is easily led astray in its estimate of the value of relics.

A needle-worked sampler embroidered by Miss Lora Standish is interesting evidence of

a delicate industry in her father's house. A personal interest attaches to a sword which belonged to Myles Standish, and to an iron pot in which his succotash was probably cooked; to a dressing-case and cane which belonged to William White, suggesting that he may have been the Beau Brummel of the colony; to a gourd-shell which belonged to George Soule; to a silver canteen and several pewter platters which belonged to Edward Winslow; to a Bible owned by Isaac Allerton, and another owned by John Alden. These are interesting relics because their owners were passengers in the Mayflower.

Two large arm-chairs on exhibition are said to have been imported by William Brewster and John Carver. A writer in the "North American Review" of September, 1817, speaks of "sitting in Governor Carver's arm-chair in the barber's shop at Plymouth." From this ignoble place the chair has been elevated to a glass case in Pilgrim Hall. But its life in the barber's shop causes me to doubt its pedigree. Mayflower arm-chairs are so numerous in New England that the ship has been spoken of as having been employed in the arm-chair trade. The Old

Colony Records contain inventories, beginning in the year 1633, of all property brought to Plymouth by passengers from over the sea, including house furniture, wearing apparel, and tilling utensils. They reveal the fact that much of the reputed cargo of the Mayflower was imported many years after her arrival. Previous to the year 1660 there was no article of china ware in the colony. Nevertheless I have seen a teapot, sold by auction, which was described as brought from Holland by Elder Brewster; and in Pilgrim Hall I saw a "china teapot," labeled, "which belonged to one William Foord who was the son of Widow Foord which came over in the ship Fortune." This ship arrived at Plymouth in the year 1621. The widow "was delivered of a sonne the first night shee landed," as Edward Winslow wrote; and Russell's "Memorial" states that the teapot belonged to the widow. But it is certain that neither Elder Brewster nor Widow Foord had a china teapot.

In a list of stores necessary for a voyage from England to the Plymouth Colony, beer and spirits are mentioned, but no tea. "For hot waters, Anni-seed water is the best,"

wrote Winslow to those intending to come. Tea is first mentioned in the English language by Samuel Pepys, who wrote in his diary, September 25, 1660: "I did send for a cup of tee (a china drink) of which I never had drunk before." Four years later, the East India Company gave to the King as "raretys 2 lb. 2 oz. of thea." Then its value in England was from six to ten pounds sterling for a pound's weight. There could have been no tea in Plymouth until long after that date.

In those times stools were in general use, and an arm-chair was a luxury. The number of arm-chairs in the inventories up to the year 1650 is smaller than the number claimed to have been in the Mayflower's freight. There is a chair which is said to have been brought over by Edward Winslow and to have been screwed to the floor of the Mayflower's cabin, and another which is said to have been brought over by William Bradford, and another by Richard Warren in the same ship. None of these chairs are elegant specimens of cabinet work when compared with arm-chairs now in use. The importers were poor men: —

"Full humble were their meals,
Their dainties very few;
'T was only ground-nuts, clams, or eels,
When these old chairs were new."

These lines recall a complaint made by the colonists about their larder. It is recorded that in the spring of 1623 they had a famine. The record of it says: "All ther victails were spente, and at night not many times knowing wher to have a bitt of anything ye next day." The same record says it was "bass and such like fish" that they had to eat; also "shelfish, which at low water they digged out of ye sands." They also had "ground nuts and foule," and they "gott now & then a dear."

All the while before the town lay a fish-full sea; wild fowl flocked to the shores; shellfish of all kinds abounded in banks and shoals daily uncovered by the tides; partridges and turkeys were to be trapped in the surrounding woods; and alewives came up from the South Sea, as they come now, to leave their spawn in the numerous ponds within the colony limits. And yet there was a famine; and so severe was it that Elder Brewster "lived for many months

together without bread and frequently on fish alone."

The narrative of this peculiar famine shows that the colonists did not know that their best heritage was the sea. Indeed, "fish alone" is the only thing now remaining to the Old Colony Town which belonged to the time of the Mayflower people. Its picturesque streets, electric lights, baseball men, and tennis girls belong to the life of its present day. But the delicious mackerel, bass, lobsters, and bivalves to be found in its neighboring sea, have come to us from the past. When Horace Walpole saw in imagination the ruins of the old East India House, he said: "This is Leadenhall Street, and this broken column was a part of the palace of a company of merchants who were sovereigns of Bengal." When I go out with "the boates man att Plymouth," I say: "This is Cape Cod Bay, and this bay with its 'bass and such like fish' is a heritage left to me by a company of pilgrims who were sovereigns of these shores."

Let us return to the museum. There is a skeleton in it of one of the first and best friends of the colonists. When the May-

flower arrived he was sachem of Cummaquid, the country bordering on what is now Vineyard Sound, then called the South Sea. He was buried in his own lands, and a large copper kettle which he got from the wreck of a ship was placed over his head, according to his request. A recent owner of the land dug up the sachem's bones, his copper kettle, axe, and stone pestle, and sent them to Pilgrim Hall. There you may see his polished ribs, skull, and teeth, cushioned in a glass case, representing a barbaric taste of the nineteenth century; and you ask yourself, Why are not the four Caucasian skeletons that were exhumed from Cole's Hill, and are now hidden in the canopy over the Rock, treated with similar distinction?

The most remarkable relic of Pilgrim times which the museum contains, is the frame of a sea-going vessel whose wreck was an important event in the early history of the colony. It is what remains of the sloop Sparrowhawk, of about seventy tons, which, in the year 1626, sailed from England "with many passengers in her and sundrie goods bound for Virginia," and was cast away on the sea-coast of the Old Colony. "They

had lost themselves at sea," as the record says, "either by ye insufficiencie of ye maister, or his ilnes, for he was sick & lame of ye scurvie so that he could but lye in ye cabin dore and give direction; or else ye fear and unrulines of ye passengers were such as they made them stear a course betweene ye southwest & ye norwest, that they might fall with some land, what soever it was they cared not. For they had been 6 weeks at sea, and had no water, nor beere, nor any woode left." And so the ship ran before a gale, stumbling over the shoals of Cape Cod, and was driven across a sand bar into a blind harbor, "and ran on a drie flat." The shipwrecked people heard some of the Indians speak English, and by them a letter and two of their men were sent to Governor Bradford, who visited the wreck, and brought its passengers and goods to Plymouth. The sands of the sea covered the wreck. In the course of time the Nauset Meadows were formed over it. Therein it lay buried until the sea came up and uncovered it. Its oak frame was dug out of the bed in which it had lain nearly two hundred and forty years, and now it is standing on its keel in Pilgrim Hall.

The passengers by the Sparrowhawk were taken into the Plymouth huts, and cared for until it was found that they were a bad lot; then they were packed off to Virginia, there being, as Governor Bradford wrote, "many untoward people amongst them." The emigrants by the Mayflower may be described by the same words. That ship brought a miscellaneous company of good, bad, and indifferent people. The good were in the minority; but they possessed the strength of their convictions, and were able, by their skill in government, to hold in check the turbulent elements with which they were accidentally associated. Of these immigrants Mr. Palfrey, in his "History of New England," says: "Eleven are favorably known. The rest are either known unfavorably, or else only by name." If you desire to boast that you are descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, be sure that your ancestor was one of the eleven.

When we think of Plymouth of the past, of which no relic remains except its town records, a curious picture presents itself. Let us imagine ourselves to be there in the

early part of the last century. What do we see? A small number of plain English families, each of which includes many children, scattered over a broad territory whose focus is a little straggling village that looks towards the sun-rising. In the harbor three or four fishing smacks are at anchor. A sloop is having her bottom covered with tar as she lies on beam-ends at the "perpetual landing place," which was laid out "for ye landing of wood and hay and for laying vessels on shore upon any occation needful." Some men in small boats are to be seen sounding over the flats, for there is much talk in the village about a "Tryall for the making of some beds of oysters." At Rickard's wharf is the sloop Prosperity taking in turpentine and horses. Her bill of lading may be called a divine service; for it declares that the cargo is "Shipped by the Grace of God," that the captain is "Master under God," that the sloop is "by God's Grace bound for Barbados;" and it ends with this prayer: "And so God send the good Ship to her desired Port in Safety. Amen."

The town's territory stretches from the

harbor southward for nearly twenty miles, and is covered by a forest. There are many tilled fields, near ponds, in the forest clearings; there are cart-paths and walk-ways which cross streams at "the fording place" and at "the stepping stones." The farmers occupy unfinished and scantily furnished houses; they wear homespun clothes which pass from father to son, and the fashion of them is never changed. They "milk ye pine trees" to make turpentine and tar, which are bartered to be shipped to foreign parts, yielding more profit to the yeomen than do their tilling lands. They are generally illiterate and parsimonious; they drink deep of alcoholic liquors; they disapprove of schools because a school costs money; they approve of preaching, and agree "to keepe Contrebution afoot in the Congregation" to maintain it, because it is a means of salvation; they believe that babes must be baptized in order to escape from a hell of fire and brimstone, and they are as religious on Sunday as the Colony laws require them to be. It is no Arcadian life that these people lead. Their habits are simple, but coarse; and so immoral is the relation of sexes that illegiti-

mate children are numerous; and confessions of "the sin of fornication before marriage" are made in public assemblies of the church.[1]

One day there comes a stirring and a buzzing in the village. It is not considered proper for Doctor Le Baron to practice any longer the obstetric art; and the selectmen have summoned the women of the town to assemble at the meeting-house and elect from themselves four midwives. These wives are persons of much importance, whose services are in frequent demand. They rule the birth-house for the time being, and on the first Sunday after birth they carry the babe to the meeting-house and present it to the minister for baptism, however cold and stormy the day may be. The "child shrank

[1] I think it not unsafe to assert that during the eighteenth century the inhabitants of New England did not enjoy a high reputation for sexual morality. Lord Dartmouth, for instance, who, as Secretary for the colonies, had charge of American affairs, in one of his conversations with Governor Hutchinson, referred to the commonness of illegitimate offspring "among the young people of New England," as a thing of accepted notoriety; nor did Hutchinson, than whom no one was better informed on all matters relating to New England, controvert the proposition. —*Some Phases of Sexual Morality and Church Discipline in New England.* By Charles Francis Adams, p. 24.

at the water but cried not," wrote Judge Sewall, when his son Stephen, four days old, received what proved to be the seal of death by baptism on a February Sunday in a cold meeting-house.

Then Ephraim Morton barters his negro, described as "being a perpetuall slave whose name is Toney," for Joseph Bartlett's negro, "a certain youth named Nedd," and three pounds to boot. The townsfolk are not fond of "colored people." Those who own seats in the meeting-house, next to the seats assigned to Indians and negroes, have given three pounds to the selectmen to pay for moving these objectionable worshipers to a place where they can "sett in Elsewhere."

A town meeting interests every townsman if the weather is fair. It has been adjourned because of a stormy day; also, as the town clerk said, "because few people did apeare by Reason Maney wer at see & others through unavoidable ocasions were hendred." Once it was adjourned because an obstinate quarrel broke out on the question of establishing a school by taxation. There were no free schools. "Every scollar that Coms to wrigh or syfer or to lern latten shall pay 3 pence pr

weke if to Read only then to pay 3 half pence per weke," says the town record of July 31st, 1699. At these meetings a representative to the Great and General Court at Boston is elected; sometimes, as the town clerk of the year 1720 testifies, "by a very Eunanomos voat." It is evident that there were no spelling bees in the Old Colony Town; and Dryden's lines may be quoted as a description of the general illiterate state of its rulers: —

> "When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell,
> And he a god, who could but read or spell."

The town meeting fixes the minister's salary and votes to put "two Casements" in the meeting-house behind the pulpit "to let in aree into ye house;" and this is done without thinking of the discomfort which the inblowing air will cause to the bald-headed preacher. It orders Thomas Phillips to build a gallery and "seat it with Town-born children" only, which means "no niggers." It orders all "sheepe keept in A General fflock," and that "Noe swine of aney age or sort What soe Ever shall Run on the Comons." It votes that Elazer Dunham shall be paid forty shillings out of the town treasury "to

get him a greate coat." It gives notice that a homespun "Wastcoat" having nineteen pewter buttons on it has been "taken up" on the king's highway. It listens to a complaint from "Divers people yt they sufered Wrong by the Ill grinding their corn by a child That had not Descresion;" and it appoints a committee "To Inform Capt Church That they Will not allow of that lad to be ye Towns miller." They want their corn to be ground by a man. These are small things to engage the minds of British legislators. But attention to small things is characteristic of the people. In their narrow and circumscribed life there are no large things to be dealt with.

Every evening the "saxton" rings "ye 9 o'clock bell," in the turret of the meeting-house. Then taverns are closed, fires are covered, candles are extinguished, and the Old Colony Town creeps into its feather beds. The stillness of night is disturbed by the howls of a wolf in the neighboring forest, which causes all the village dogs to bark. A watchman's rattle is heard, and a flame of fire may be seen leaping from a thatched roof. Every house has a ladder fixed to it,

and two barrels of water near it; but no one knows exactly what to do, and the house is burned down rapidly.

Does anybody get up early next day with an expectation that the dreary monotony of colonial life is to be broken by a sunrise? Those inhabitants who have cattle to be fed, or fish to be caught on the early tide, are up betimes the morn. But the plodding merchant, who is waiting for his only cargo of sugar and rum from the West Indies, knows that his sloop cannot enter the harbor during the night, because there is no lighthouse on the Gurnets; and the shrewd trader who "keeps store" knows that customers can wait; and the tired housewife says that her pewter dishes need no scouring to-day; that the spinning wheels can be started later on. Everybody has time to spare in the Old Colony Town.

THE AMBIT OF BUZZARD'S BAY

THE AMBIT OF BUZZARD'S BAY.

STANDING on the highlands of Agawame Neck, I can descry the ambit of the bay as far away as the islands which are looming on the southern horizon. As I look on the enchanting prospect, I want to change one word in these lines from "The Ranger," and say: —

> "Nowhere, fairer, sweeter, rarer,
> Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
> Through his painted woodlands stray,
> Than where hillside oaks and beeches
> Overlook the long, blue reaches,
> Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
> And green isles of Buzzard's Bay."

You may recall the words of Bartholomew Gosnold, who described it, nearly three hundred years ago, as the "finest sound" he ever saw. Ranging along on the starboard, as our yacht comes in, are the Elizabeth

Islands, of which the nearest to us is Cuttyhunk, containing five hundred acres. Off its southerly point lies the Vineyard Sound lightship, which sometimes breaks adrift from its moorings when a hard gale from the southeast is blowing. Then schooners running through the Sound, and missing this landmark, are wrecked on reefs called The Sow and Pigs, which stretch out from the south shore of the island. Its surface is a succession of hills and valleys growing coarse grass, without a tree, or a shrub, or any vestige of the "noble forests" which Gosnold saw, containing, as he said, "the elegantine the thorn and the honeysuckle the wild pea the tansey and young sassafras strawberries rapsberries grapevines all in profusion." Here the stone-walled cellar of Gosnold's storehouse was identified, in the year 1797, as a relic of the first visit of Europeans to the southern shores of New England. We can run into its harbor, which is a good shelter in all kinds of weather except a northeaster. A short walk from the landing-place brings us to a settlement of about thirty houses, whose few inhabitants depend upon seafaring, piloting, and fishing for a living.

We see a meeting-house and a school-house, and the preacher is the school-master. We see nets and sails spread on door-yard fences to be dried. The only things that cause an excitement in this little community are a wreck, and the arrival of a mail-bag from New Bedford, which is fifteen miles distant. When the mail arrives, all islanders who are ashore hurry to the back door of the post-master's house, and wait while he takes up each letter and newspaper, submits them to the scrutiny of his spectacles, and shouts the written name as soon as he has spelled it out. The owner of the name answers the call, and takes his mail with approval from the bystanders.

Two miles northwest of Cuttyhunk lies Penikese Island, of one hundred acres. Its shape is something like a pair of eye-glasses; two high hills representing the eyes, and a narrow beach, which forms a harbor, representing the nose-bow. In the flush times of whaling, this island was occupied by pilots, who kept a steady lookout from the hills for those picturesque old ships, deep-laden with sperm oil, which all the year round came lumbering into the bay bound to New Bed-

ford. In the year 1873 the island was transferred to Agassiz's School of Natural History. Whittier says: —

> "On the isle of Penikese,
> Ringed about by sapphire seas,
> Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
> Stood the Master and his school."

The school spent only one summer on the island, for the Master died in the end of the year; and the poet says: —

> "In the lap of sheltering seas,
> Rests the isle of Penikese;
> But the lord of the domain
> Comes not to his own again."

East of Cuttyhunk, and near it, is Nashawena Island, of fifteen hundred acres, used as a sheep pasture, and noted for its beach of rolling stones. East of Nashawena lies Pasque Island, of a thousand acres, sometimes called Pesquinese. Its name came from the Indian Pascechanset, by which it was known when, in the year 1725, Abraham Tucker of Dartmouth, on the western shore of the bay, willed his lands thereon to his son. The island, bought from its Indian possessors in the year 1667, was continuously used for the rearing of sheep until it was sold to a fishing

club. While the British occupied Rhode Island during the Revolution, food was foraged frequently from Pasque and neighboring islands. On a day in May, 1778, fifteen hundred sheep, stolen from them, were landed at Newport for the British fleet.

East of Pasque lies Naushon, which is seven miles long, and contains five thousand five hundred acres; the most beautiful island estate on the Atlantic coast. It has two harbors, a light-house, old forests of beech, oak, hickory, pine, and cedar trees. White men have possessed it since the year 1641. The Mayhew family owned it forty-one years; the Winthrop family, forty-eight years; the Bowdoin family, one hundred and thirteen years. In the "Gentleman's Magazine," of the year 1747, may be seen the following announcement: "Dy'd at Boston in New England Wm. Bowdine Esqr. worth one million of their currency; he left two sons and three daughters; to the former, 150,000 *l.*; to the other 100,000 *l.*; and 20,000 *l.* to charitable uses." This man owned Naushon. The next owner was his son James Bowdoin, the governor of Massachusetts in the years 1785 and 1786, who failed of a third election

because of the energy with which he extinguished Shays' Rebellion. The next owner was his grandson, James Bowdoin, who inherited one half of the island, and acquired the other half by marriage with a cousin. Near its eastern harbor he built a stately mansion, and spread a great feast in it for his friends. He died in his chair at the feast, while sounds of merriment were in his ears. The house was then shut up, and it became in public imagination a haunted house, attracting the visits of curious idlers until the agents of new owners opened its doors, threw up its windows, and let in light and air upon the mouldy scenes.

An act of the legislature of the Province, in the year 1765, tells of the existence of moose on Naushon, which was then known as "Tarpolin Cove Island otherwise called Naushon or Catamock." The owners of the island complained that "the raising and increase of moose and deer" were prevented by hunters who landed to shoot the game, or "destroyed it by their dogs." The fine to be levied on poachers was six pounds "for each and every moose or deer;" one half of it to go to his majesty King George the

Second, and one half to the informer. There are deer, but no moose now in the region of Buzzard's Bay.

The names of the Elizabeth Islands have been preserved in the following old rhymes, whose origin is unknown: —

> "Naushon, Nonamesset,
> Onkatonka, and Wepecket,
> Nashawena, Pesquinese,
> Cuttyhunk, and Penikese."

An interesting reminiscence of the former connection between Old England and New England is to be found in the names of ancient towns adjacent to Buzzard's Bay. These are Dartmouth, Rochester, Wareham, Sandwich, and Falmouth; names brought from the south of England by men who continued to be Englishmen in these their new homes. On the larboard, as a yacht enters the bay, stands the Dumpling Rock Light, pointing the way to Apponaganset, the port of Dartmouth. The town's land was bought from the Wampanoags, in the year 1652, by the gift of 30 yards of trucking cloth, 8 moose skins, 15 hoes, 15 pairs of breeches, 8 blankets, 2 kettles, 1 clock, 8 pairs of stockings, 8 pairs of shoes, 1 iron pot, 3 *l.*

in wampum, and 10 shillings' worth of other odds and ends. The variety of merchandise turned over to the Indians by this transaction was as great as is now to be found in an ordinary country store on the bay shores. In the same manner do white men trade with inferior races now.

During the summer time the old town draws in many visitors; and as the south wind comes direct from the sea, it gives to them an agreeable climate. The great historic fact concerning the town is that its inhabitants were the first in New England to rebel against the Puritan union of church and state. By refusing to pay taxes for the support of a ministry whose ministrations they would not accept, and by obtaining an approval of their action from King George the First, they established the right of every New Englander to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, — a right which had previously existed in theory only. The long struggle for religious liberty which the townsmen of Dartmouth carried on against the rulers of Plymouth Colony, and afterwards against those of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, shows how thick New

England had been crusted over by a tyrannical system of theology. But

> "The pilgrim needs a pass no more
> From Roman or Genevan;
> Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps
> Henceforth the road to Heaven."

The run of the yacht is short from Dartmouth to New Bedford, which is pleasantly situated on the Acushnet River, busy with manufacturing industries, but still retaining its old flavors of the sea. The smell of whale-oil pervading the wharves, where casks of it are stowed under heaps of sea-weed; the lofts where men are always cutting out and sewing sails; the sheds where they are building whale-boats; and the old dismantled ships, whose exploits have been recorded many times in whaling records, are reminiscences of the enterprises which have produced the great wealth of this city. Whalemen say that whales are now as numerous as ever in the ocean, and that the business of catching them is a matter of luck; that good luck or bad luck follows a ship for a long time; and while some ships are always slow to sight a whale, and rarely get a full catch, others will fasten to all the whales they want, and are always making a good voyage.

On the eastern bank of the river lies Fairhaven, where the Old Colony railroad begins its circuit of the bay. During the Revolution an important event occurred here, which has been nearly forgotten. At that time the village attracted many strangers, as the port was a convenient place for fitting out privateers and for receiving their prizes. While it was in this flourishing condition, four thousand British troops were landed on Clark's Neck, September 5, 1778. They marched up the west side of the river, across the bridge, and down the east side, burning many buildings on their way, encamped on Sconticut Neck for a night, and then returned to their ships. On the next night a detachment from these troops was sent to burn Fairhaven. Their approach was discovered by Major Israel Fearing, of Wareham, who was posted in the village, with about one hundred and fifty men. He placed them in ambush, and allowed the enemy to reach the shore; then he opened a fire, which was so severe that they retreated immediately to the ships. His skill saved the village from destruction.

Running out of the Acushnet River, the

yacht passes West Island, of eight hundred acres, whose Indian name was Markataw. It was sold to white men in the year 1666, with the condition that if a whale should be stranded on the island it is to be divided equally between the seller and the buyer. Standing up the bay, the yacht now makes Ned's Point Light, at the entrance of the harbor of Mattapoiset. Maddepayset River, as the provincial laws called it, empties into the harbor; and the name, in the language of the Indian King Philip, who sold the land to Englishmen of Plymouth, is said to signify a place of rest. It is the place of summer rest for many urban families, whose red-roofed houses are conspicuous features in its landscapes. From the town the bay spreads away to the eastward like an open sea, and the blue highlands of Wood's Holl seem to be lying on a far-distant horizon. Hundreds of sea-going vessels were builded at Mattapoiset in former times; but the ways from which they were slipped into the bay, amid enthusiastic cheers, were taken down long ago, and the places where they stood are now covered by the gardens and lawns of summer cottages. A little picture in the village, as it

once was, may be seen in this verse from a poem by Richard Henry Stoddard: —

> "Old homestead, in that gray old town!
> Thy vane is seaward blowing;
> The slip of garden stretches down
> To where the tide is flowing;
> Below they lie, their sails all furled,
> The ships that go about the world."

Further up the bay stands Bird Island Light, pointing to Sippecan harbor, which reaches far into the land. On its shore lies the prospering village of Marion, which, under the name of Sippecan, was settled about the year 1680, by men from the south of England, who builded ships and went to sea. Their descendants revealed their sea heredity in a vote that the village high school "shall hail" as the Sippecan Academy. No doubt the principal teacher was then hailed as captain, the classes were hailed as starbowlines and larbowlines, and the boy promoted to the head of a class was ordered to "Lay out to the weather earing!" The main street of the village would naturally end, as it does end, on a wharf; for in early days the sea tinged every thought of the villagers. The door-steps of their low dwelling-houses

were adorned with sea-shells, fences were topped off by old studding-sail booms, and the houses were builded near to each other as if the families to occupy them would have need of neighborly company while their men were absent on whaling voyages. Now the summer visitor has come, and the seaman has gone, and the quaint old village is in a state of transition to a popular waterside resort. But some of the natural charm of former times remains. If you look out upon the bay, of a clear morning, you will see a panorama

> "Where heaven lends her loveliest scene;
> A softened air, a sky serene,
> Along the shore where smiles the sea."

Sailing out of Sippecan harbor, we pass the Great Hill, so called from its great extent, but celebrated for nothing in colonial history except its warm pasturages. It is the most prominent landmark on the western side of the bay, as Tempest Knob is on the eastern side. Between these stretch the highlands of Agawame Neck, in the township of Wareham, on which one may see elegant dwelling-houses of recent dates, and remains of the cellars of dwellings that were builded by the Plymouth yeomen who first occupied

the land in the year 1682. Under the waters in front of the Neck, and in the flats of its Little Harbor, lie immense beds of scallops, whose products are abundant enough to supply all the markets of New England. On the northern side of the Great Hill the Weweantet River, joined by the Sippecan, comes into the bay with a broad sweep. Above it is seen Cromeset Neck; above this the Woonkinco and Agawame rivers flow in; and where their waters blend with the tides of the bay lie beds of Wareham oysters, whose flavor is praised wherever bivalves are eaten.

As our yacht runs to the eastward, we pass a fleet of fishing boats anchored on Dry Ledge, and can see their occupants hauling in tautog and scup hand over hand. Then a school of bluefish is discovered to windward. Immediately the yacht is put about, and runs to the west with four lines trailing astern, and bluefish coming in over the taffrail as fast as they can be taken care of. Now and then we lose one; for while the fish is leaping ahead of the long line, he works the hook out of his mouth; or, in the struggle against us, the strain on the line breaks his jaw. It is a wild sport. The quick play and haul

of the lines as the game is hooked, the calls to "Haul him in quick out of the wet!" his muscular leaps for freedom as we bring him to deck, the rapid motions of the boat, the flying spray, are a part of the exciting pleasures of bluefishing.

Now we return to our course, double Tempest Knob, and sail northward through narrow channels, passing wooded islands named Mashna, Tobey, Onset, and Wicket, and at last we drop anchor in a little pocket of deep water. On the neighboring bluffs, which are covered with oak trees, stand the cottages and temples of an association of Spiritualists, whose gala day is Sunday. Here I go ashore and become a part of an audience in the amphitheatre listening to various messages which are announced as received from a world of spirits. A disconsolate widower hears his dead wife's spirit say, "Don't worry so, my dear!" A broken-hearted mother who has lost her only boy receives a written message saying, "Ma, I 've learned to rite!" A long-haired man passes his hand over the head of a girl and says, "The angels are hovering above you." But not all who are present believe in these delusions. A man

in the audience with whom I talked said to me: "I come here to see folks. I give up goin' to sea ten year ago; but down to Long Plain where I live there ain't much that 's folksy goin' on except funerals. Get tired seeing same people and talkin' to 'em alongside a corpse. Came here to git posted about what's going on. Go to Yarmouth camp-meeting and the Vineyard and take 'em all in; but I don't believe any on 'em!" He was a sample of many who are drawn hither from the countryside to see this summer show.

"Head-th-bay," as the natives call it, is thirty miles from the entrance at Gooseberry Neck. The homesteads of Englishmen who settled here two hundred years ago have become the summer dwelling places of people of leisure from distant cities, whose pretentious villas now rear their heads where once

"The wild fox dug his hole unscared."

Here the waters, passing through a narrow rift, widen out into a quiet expanse called Buttermilk Bay, which is encircled by wooded hills. Again there is a narrow run of water, by the Indians called Cohasset, and near by is the Buzzard's Bay station of the Cape Cod

railroad, where brazen-throated brakemen thrust their heads in at the car doors, and in drawling yells command the passengers to "Change cars for Falmouth, Wood's Holl, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket!"

The eastern shore of Buzzard's Bay is a part of Barnstable County, whose general name is Cape Cod. It is probably the only section of the Atlantic States in which a native population remains unadulterated by foreign blood. From the bay shore to Race Point, the northern tip of the Cape, and to Monomoy at its southern extremity, the names and descendants of English colonists of two hundred years ago are still to be found. The livelihood which its inhabitants have been drawing from the sea has been supplemented of late years by the cultivation of cranberries, pink water-lilies, trout streams, and summer boarders. Year after year the boarders come with the mackerel, and in numbers that tax the capacity of the one-track railway which winds its dusty course from Buzzard's Bay to Provincetown; where the inhabitants do not own a foot of the soil, for the whole township land belongs to the State. All the Cape horses and vehi-

cles stand in waiting for their coming, and to carry them off to pine groves or sandy beaches; and thus the summer boarder is preserving the life of Cape Cod.

As we sail down this bay shore of the Cape, we pass "Gray Gables," the summer house of the President of the United States, who has publicly said that those "who enjoy the cool breezes of Buzzard's Bay are favored above all others by a kind Providence." Near it Monument River flows into the bay. The first European who sailed up the stream was probably the Secretary of the New Amsterdam Colony, when he made his famous visit to Plymouth in the year 1627. Down along the shore is Monument Beach, a curving strand stretching back to green knolls on which stand clusters of summer cottages and a large hotel. The hull of an old sloop lies by the water's edge; and on any summer morning, rows of people in various costumes are to be seen seated on its rails, gazing idly at the bathers. It may be washing-day on shore, when from every clothes-line streams away, on the southwest wind, white underwear in quantity sufficient to indicate that a large summer population is in the neighbor-

hood. Below is Pocasset, whose old houses once sheltered retired shipmasters, and are now the resorts of summer people. Then we come to Wenaumet, jutting into the bay, supporting on its point the Wing's Neck Light; then to Cataumet and its little harbor, Chappoquoit Point and its costly summer villas, Wild Harbor, Racing Beach, and the Falmouths, whose town history began in the year 1686; then to Quamquisset, its cottages, summer hotel, and cove of deep water. At last we reach Wood's Holl. This is the place of departure for travelers to Nantucket, where you are offered a chance at cast-and-haul fishing in a thundering surf, with glorious views of the Atlantic Ocean. You are also offered corals, and sea shells, and whales' teeth. One may doubt the reputed antiquity of Nantucket shingles, tied with ribbons and forming covers to series of photographs, which are offered with a certificate that they are two hundred years old. But you cannot doubt the truthfulness of the pretty sea mosses enclosed in scallop shells, nor of the little blue forget-me-nots, nor the freshness of the fish that has been broiled for your supper, nor the pureness of the air that is

fanning your cheeks all day, whether you are ashore or afloat.

Samuel Sewall, the witchcraft judge, made this note of embarking here on his way to Martha's Vineyard, in April, 1702: "Call at Mr. Robinson's, they give us good small Beer. Go to ye Ferry-house; his Boat is at Little Wood's hole; travel thither, there embark and have a good passage over in little more than an hour's time."

From time immemorial Wood's Hole has been the name of the village and its two harbors, and of the narrow water-way which separates the island of Naushon from the mainland. There is a record dated in the year 1677 of a laying out of lands "at Wood's Hole;" and also an Indian deed of the year 1679, of "all that tract commonly called Wood's Hole Neck." The name is therefore historic. On the shores of Buzzard's Bay a "Hole" apparently means a pocket of water, a cove, a sea-passage way through islands, into which vessels may run for a shelter. For such places it was a common name with Englishmen of the Plymouth Colony. In their records of the year 1651, I find mention made of the "waterside or

Creeke commonly called and known by the name of Hobs Hole;" so named by the Mayflower colonists in the year 1623. In the year 1677 mention is made of "Billingtons holes neare unto or upon Jonses River." In the same year the colony gave to Jonathan Morey "three score acrees of upland att the salt water pond by the way between Plymouth and Sandwich." This pond took the name of Morey's Hole, and it has been known by that name to this day.

In the year 1875, the voters of the village, "with one exception," signed a petition to the Post Office Department of the United States to change the name to "Wood's Holl." That "one exception" deserves a monument. His act was an intelligent protest against the manufacture of false history on Buzzard's Bay. The theory on which the petition rested was that Northmen from Scandinavia "passed along Cape Cod through Vineyard Sound to Narragansett Bay, where it is believed they settled;" and that the hills around Wood's Hole were called "holls" by the Northmen.

A great deal of history has been attributed to those hardy men, who "bravely fought

like heroes bold and ruled the stormy sea;" but there exists no indisputable evidence that they ever saw Buzzard's Bay. Some writers say that they ventured as far south as Boston Harbor; and these persons have testified to that faith by setting up a stone tower on a bank of Charles River. Anybody can set up a tower, or a statue, or perhaps a new post-office to commemorate an opinion. Boston contains a statue which represents an opinion that Leif Ericson and his crew discovered the North American continent in the year 1000 or thereabouts. The reputation of this Northman as the discoverer of some western world rests entirely upon the stories of the sagas of Iceland, written some three hundred years after the alleged event. Nothing in literature is more untrustworthy than the statements of these flowery compositions, in which, as has been said, "the story-telling of the fireside has overlaid the reports of the explorer." Indeed, many students of history believe that the heroes of the sagas were fictitious characters, as much so as were those who sailed to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece, as told in old Greek poems; and that the

narratives of the sagas have no more basis on truth than have the narratives of the Iliad. It is possible that roving seamen from Scandinavia, freebooters or fishermen, may have reached the northeastern shores of America; but, as Mr. Bancroft intimates in his history, there is not to be found an authentic vestige of their presence on any part of the continent now occupied by the English race, notwithstanding the Charles River tower, the Boston statue, and the transformation of Wood's Hole into Wood's Holl.

There are no bold voyagers to enter Buzzard's Bay now, save contraband fishing steamers with the police boat in their wake. The regular bay cruisers are steamboats running between New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket; or one loaded with summer people bound to Onset, or to Gay Head; then there are to be seen a few coal and lumber laden sloops and schooners, fishermen, and pleasure boats, a steam yacht from Naushon, and the steamer carrying supplies to the light-houses in the bay. In summer the upper part of the bay frequently presents a gay appearance, as the white boats of a yacht club sail their regattas from Sip-

pecan harbor, or Onset. Large ships are rarely to be seen. A great excitement was once caused along the upper shores, when news was passed from house to house: "There 's a big ship in the bay!" Inhabitants of the surrounding hamlets gathered on the beaches, and saw at anchor the ship Sunrise, of New York, asking for a pilot. It was learned that she had mistaken the light on Cuttyhunk for that on Gay Head, and had entered Buzzard's Bay instead of Vineyard Sound.

When bluefish "strike in," there is an excitement all along shore, and all sorts of craft strike out in pursuit of them. Many men who were born on the bay shores, and went away to seek fortune, are in the habit of returning annually to enjoy the summer fishing which the bay affords; to cast their lines for scup, tautog, bass, Spanish mackerel, squeteague, and bluefish. Of all these, the bluefish gives the most sport. The exhilarating method of taking them is by trolling with a squid of block tin, made in the image of a small fish, which is rubbed bright, so that it will glisten in the water, and has a tail affixed to it made of eel-skin.

Bluefish are more abundant during some years than during others. They dislike cool water; but whenever the temperature of the sea ranges from sixty to seventy-five degrees, the bay is likely to be full of them. Their coming and going have been mysterious. From the year 1659 to the year 1763, they were recorded as plentiful about Nantucket and the south shore of Barnstable County during the summers; but in the year 1764 they disappeared suddenly, and it is stated that they were not seen again in northern waters, except in small schools, until the year 1810; when and thereafter they returned in large numbers annually to Buzzard's Bay. There is a tradition that during their absence their return was annually expected and watched for all along the shore. At last a large school came into the bay on a Sunday morning in June, and the lads who discovered them hurried to the meeting-house to proclaim the glad tidings. The doors were wide open, the preacher was expounding, when a shrill cry rang in: "Bluefish in the bay!" In a twinkling the meeting-house was emptied, and every boat belonging to the village was soon spreading

its sails for the open water. This action was not without precedent. I have read in the annals of Truro, on Cape Cod, that in February, 1755, the people were assembled in their meeting-house for the ordination of the town's minister; when, on account of certain news received at the door, it was "Voted that as many of the inhabitants are called away from the meeting by news of a whale in the bay, this meeting be adjourned." They wanted a whale before they wanted a preacher. There are many people who have the same want now.

LIFE ON MATINICUS ROCK

LIFE ON MATINICUS ROCK

MATINICUS ROCK stands in the Atlantic Ocean thirty miles south of the entrance to the Penobscot River. Three families are living on it to take care of the sea lights; their only companions are innumerable seabirds

> "Wheeling round it with the din
> Of wings, and winds, and solitary cries."

The summit of the rock is about fifty feet above the level of the ocean, and its irregular surface of thirty-five or forty acres resembles a heap of boulders. Captain John Smith, in his quaint "Description of New England," recited the islands and rocks which he discovered off the coast of Maine, and called this the "Rock of Mattanack much furder in the sea." If you want to visit it, the lighthouse inspector at Portland may offer to you the voyage of a hundred miles in a steamer that carries supplies to the rock; or you

may take passage at Rockland in a fishing schooner bound south. After a run of twenty-five miles, the schooner will heave to off the rock and the skipper will row you to it in a dory. This will be steered to timber ways which slope down into the sea in a little cove; when the dory is carried in on top of a swell, it will be hooked to a tackle and drawn up the sloping ways by a windlass manned by the light-keepers. That is the usual method of landing upon Matinicus, and it can be successful only when the sea is smooth. In summer and in winter there are days when the landing can be made; and in both seasons there are weeks when Atlantic winds are howling across the rock, and a tempestuous sea forbids any approach to it.

The first things that attract attention on landing are the two stone towers supporting the lights, ninety-five feet above the sea level, which may be seen from a ship's deck fifteen miles away. Between the towers is a row of low dwelling-houses occupied by the light-keepers' families. Near by are a house for storing oil, and a brick cistern for holding rain-water. At one side is a scaffolding from

which hangs a heavy bell, and on the other side stands a brick building containing machinery for operating steam whistles; all else is the ragged, fissured rock against which the ocean is always striking, and in its mildest moods is asserting itself so loudly that you can hardly hear human speech.

The rock is in the gateway of an ocean thoroughfare which in pleasant weather is traversed by all kinds of sea-going craft; there are steamers passing to and fro between Boston and ports in Maine and New Brunswick, ice and lumber loaded schooners bound out of the Penobscot River, smacks following schools of mackerel, or bound to distant fishing banks, yachts racing out of Marblehead, large ships fresh from the building yards at Bath, and occasionally a British steamer from England steering for Portland Harbor.

Far different is the scene when a fog covers the ocean and a drizzling east wind is blowing. Then the steam whistle on the rock shrieks its alarms at intervals of twenty-five seconds as long as the fog lasts; or, if the whistle is disabled, a great bell on the rock strikes a continuous warning, so that

if any ships are near they may know the bearings of Matinicus. The cries of the ocean and of the wind and of the bell or the whistle, when combined in one confusion, are probably tormenting to the ears of those living on the rock as anything that can be imagined to exist in the infernal regions. "It seems hard," said a light-keeper during the prevalence of a fog, "that the whistle must go on without stop when one of us lies sick abed, or a child is near dying and jumps at every blast of it."

Here one may see the ocean in its wildest moods. The light-keeper said to me: "I have seen the sea running so high against the rock that the spray flew completely over the domes of the lighthouses." More than once has the rock been swept across its length and breadth by the Atlantic Ocean. On a January morning the ocean rose before a terrific gale. The light-keeper had gone to land the day before, leaving the care of the lights to his eldest daughter. The living things on the rock, besides the family, were their hens. As the gale increased, the girl saw that unless the flock was brought in it would be lost in the sea. Seizing a basket

she ran out on the rock, after the rollers had passed and the sea had fallen off a little, and rescued from the coop all but one. It was the work of a minute, and she was then back with the door fastened; but at that instant her little sister, standing at a window, exclaimed: "Oh, look! the worst wave is coming!" That wave destroyed one of the dwelling-houses and overwhelmed the rock.

One day Captain Burgess, the light-keeper, left the rock to obtain provisions, as the weather had for a long time been so stormy that no communication from the shore had reached him. A storm delayed his return, and famine began to threaten the people left on the rock. To obtain help, his son started away in a skiff which was rigged with a sail. He was soon lost to sight in the trough of the sea, then he was seen on the top of the waves a short distance off, and that was the last the family saw of him for twenty-one days. In the mean time the mother and her daughters put themselves on a daily allowance of one cup of corn meal and one egg, while the eldest daughter Abby tended the lights until relief came from land.

Of a light-keeper's children, two were born

and one died on Matinicus; where there is no "God's acre" to receive the dead. The child's coffin was laid on a level spot of the rock, a cairn of bricks was built over it, the bricks were covered with earth, the earth was sown with flower seeds; and that was the child's grave. When Abby's mother died on the rock, the ocean was so rough that no boat could make a landing until the next day. In speaking of this event she said: "I prepared the body for its last resting-place, and the keeper made the coffin. We hoisted a signal of distress, which was seen at Matinicus Island, five miles to the northward, and two fishermen rowed over. They had to wait until three waves had run in and run out; then there was a smooth spell, and they backed their boat in and jumped on to the rock, and stayed with us that night. The next day the sea was smooth enough for friends to come in a schooner. They took the dead body away, and buried it in the graveyard at Rockland. My husband and I did not go to the grave, because we had to stay on the rock to tend the lights. There were two other deaths since I have lived on the rock; a young man was drowned in try-

ing to land; another was drowned after he had left the rock, the undertow capsizing his boat. It is just as dangerous at Mount Desert Rock, which is thirty-three miles to the eastward of Matinicus. That rock is low and flat, but outlying ledges break the force of the sea. A little boy was chasing the waves there; he ran after them as they receded, and when they came in he ran back. His mother was standing in the lighthouse door calling him, when a big wave rolled up and carried him away from her sight forever."

The Lighthouse Board at Washington does much to make light-keepers comfortable in the discharge of their duties, while at the same time it maintains a rigid discipline over them. An inspector, who is an officer of the navy, visits each station in his district at regular times, and sees that all needed comforts and supplies are provided, and that the rules of the service are observed. The discipline is of necessity almost merciless. In the year 1801, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "I think the keepers of the lighthouses should be dismissed for small degrees of remissness, because of the calamities which even these produce." This opinion animates the execu-

tive acts of the board. A keeper found intoxicated is instantly ejected from his station and from the lighthouse service, and one who allows his lamps to go out before sunrise is dismissed without regard to his previous good conduct. To take faithful care of his light and of the property belonging to it is the keeper's paramount duty. He is expected to stand by his light as long as his lighthouse stands, even if the winter gale is as powerful as that in which the Minot's Ledge Light and its keepers perished.

Light-keepers are compelled to wear a uniform dress; they are furnished with a good dwelling-house, and when stationed far distant from a market, as on Matinicus Rock, they are provided with rations. Their pay ranges up to one thousand dollars a year, according to the perils of their location; and they are sure of receiving it so long as they are faithful to their duties. Their houses contain a library in a portable case, holding about fifty volumes on various subjects. Every three months the library is exchanged by the inspector for another. One may suppose that people living on such isolated stations as Matinicus, or Mount Desert Rock,

which is twenty-two miles from land, or Nantucket South Shoal lightship, which is twenty-three miles from land, would become crazed by the solitude of their lives were it not for these libraries. But the truth is that men whose lives are spent on the ocean are not readers of literature. In the lighthouse service they stand watch and watch, as crews do at sea; and the thoughts and habits of many of the light-keepers, all of whom have been seamen, are so closely allied to their occupations that narratives of wrecks and disasters to ships, by which they can compare their own experience with that of others, are more interesting to them than history, or biography, or fiction. The only book in the Nantucket South Shoal lightship which is well thumbed and frequently referred to is said to be one containing a record of vessels that have met with disaster on the Nantucket coast. Each vessel is a personality to the lightship men.

Captain Grant went with his family to live on Matinicus Rock, as light-keeper, in the year 1861. The previous keeper left with the new-comers his daughter, Abby Burgess, whom I have mentioned, to teach them how

to manage the lights. She had been on the rock since the year 1853. The captain's son, Isaac, was an interested pupil, and in the course of time he married the young teacher, who soon after received an appointment as an assistant keeper of the lights. The rock was her home, and there her children were reared. But she had a longing desire for a home on an inland farm, and she waited the time when for her "there shall be no more sea."

That time began to come in the year 1875, when she and her husband were transferred to White-Head Light, while the captain, her husband's father, remained in charge of Matinicus. White-Head is an island near the western entrance to Penobscot Bay, and is so near the mainland that the light-keeper can row across the channel to Spruce-Head for a daily mail, if he chooses to do so. Near the lighthouse were small patches of land and a garden. Not far away were the evergreen woods, and browsing cattle, and fields of grass. There was a piano in her new home; but in front of it was the wearisome sea, upon which she must look every day, for which she must light the lamps every night;

and by her door stood the dreadful steam whistle, screeching its dismal blasts when fogs covered the coast. Here they lived fifteen years, keeping in charge the White-Head Light. But all the time some hopes of another home remote from the ocean were kept alive in her heart. One day she wrote a letter to a friend living near the Green Mountains of Vermont, in which she reviewed her work of keeping ocean lights burning, to which thirty-seven years of her life had been devoted, and said: —

"Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these lighthouse stairs no more; then there will be another watcher who will take my place; but there never will be anybody who can take a greater interest in the light than I have taken. It has almost seemed to me that the light was a part of myself.

"When we had care of the old lard-oil lamps on Matinicus Rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather, when the oil got cool. Then some nights I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew

the keeper himself was watching. And many times I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking, nervously, what might happen should the light fail. I felt just the same interest in it before I received any pay. I lived on the rock nearly seventeen years before I was appointed an assistant, or had any pay for my work.

"In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning, and I lit them at sunset. Those old lamps, as they were when my father lived on Matinicus Rock, are so thoroughly impressed on my memory, that even now I often dream of them. There were fourteen lamps and fourteen reflectors. When I dream of them, it always seems as though I had been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am halfway between Matinicus and White-Head, and am hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there in time to be at White-Head to light the lamps there before sunset. Sometimes I walk on the water; sometimes I am in a boat; and sometimes I seem going in the air. I must always see the lights burning in both places

before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than I do when I am awake. I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this wornout body. If I ever have a gravestone, I would like it to be in the form of a lighthouse."

At last this noble woman secured an inland home, to which she and her husband retired in the month when the apple-trees of New England are in blossom. Six months later Captain Grant, who had kept the lights on Matinicus Rock burning for twenty-nine years, resigned his charge, and retired to the home of his son on land, leaving another son to succeed him as captain of the rock. He was then eighty-five years old. "I expect," wrote one of his sons to me at the time of the retirement, "he will feel the change severely, for at the age of eighty-five years one must suffer from such a radical change in their surroundings, from the wild, stormy coast of the Atlantic to the peaceful quiet of an inland village."

The three light-keepers of Matinicus went

to spend their remaining days in a quiet village of Plymouth County, Massachusetts, where there is no sea nor any lighthouse lamp. But there they missed their old fellowship with the ocean. The expectation which the son had expressed to me concerning his father became prophetic of the whole family; and before twelve months had passed, they removed to a town which looks upon "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

OLD ROADS NEAR BUZZARD'S BAY

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THESE roads have a history. Long before Englishmen had arrived at Plymouth, they were the foot trails of Indians traversing the great forest which stretched from the ocean to the site of the Providence Plantations; the colonists used them as cattle-paths, by which their herds were driven to winter grazing in the meadows bordering Buzzard's Bay; then they were bridle-paths, for the usual mode of traveling was on horseback; then they became cart-roads,

> "winding, as old roads will,
> Here to a ferry, and there to a mill."

At last they were adopted as the highways of a town.

The vines and flowers hedging these roads have probably been reproducing themselves in the same places from time immemorial.

Mats of wild cranberries have always covered the banks near the ruts, and little blossoms of various colors have always lifted their heads in the dusty wayside grass. Every summer I have seen those thickets of wild syringas in flower; those elderberries have hung their purple clusters for the wine-makers annually, and the tall witheberry bushes have not failed to turn their fruits from green to red, and from red to blue, whether the traveler has admired them or not.

Some of these old roads wander through long reaches of pine woods, where jungles of ferns are growing, and deep layers of brown needles are spread, and heaps of lops and tops are lying as they were left by wood-cutters. The stillness of these woods makes you pause; the song of a bird is seldom heard in them; and the only sound that you catch is a soft, incessant murmur of the top-most branches, which you may fancy to be the hushing whisper of Silence. The roads pass clumps of white birches leaning over old stone walls, and curiously over-run with grape-vines. They pass old guide-posts which have stood up and contradicted each

other about the distances to Plymouth and Sandwich and Mattapoiset, until they have become gray. They pass ancient milestones, partly concealed in the bushes, on one of which are carved the symbols "4 M." But no one knows to what haven it would now direct the traveler. They pass along the edges of ponds into which alewives come from the sea every spring, to cast their spawn. They pass low farm-houses which face to the south, no matter which way the road runs.

Some of these houses are very ancient; a large square chimney rises from each, and the chimney is the centre of the family life. One of the housekeepers told me that she had put seventeen pies to bake of a morning in the great chimney oven. On summer days house doors, barn doors, and wood-shed doors are wide open; there are herds of handsome cows in clover fields near by, and broods of hens are dusting themselves in the road; no other life is to be seen. The silence and sunshine of summer cover houses and fields. How delightful this silence is! As I drive along, it is broken by the tones of an organ in a farm-

house, and I hear two voices singing the world-traveled ballad of Annie Rooney: —

> "She 's my sweetheart, I 'm her beau,
> She 's my Annie, I 'm her Joe!"

An old road leads me to diked meadows by the bay, where salt hay is now harvested by farmers whose ancestors were cutting the meadows when George the Second was king. Another passes Hamlen's Corners, where, in the year 1739, lived the deacon whom the Wareham Church called up to inquire "how he had disposed of ye contributions." There is a piece of an old road called Briggs Lane, and there stand the old houses once occupied by the family which, in olden times, gave to the thoroughfare its name; but Betsey Briggs, the last of her line, was dust long ago. There is another piece of an old road which is known as Happy Alley, so called, I may suppose, because it is skirted on each side by ancient graveyards, where briars and blackberry vines grow easily. On another road I catch, through the trees, the glimmer of a large pond, on which one may troll for black bass. Except the road which passes through the woods near it, and the tracks by which horses have been turned down to the

water, there is no indication that man has ever been on its shore. A hundred and fifty years ago there were tilled fields where the forest stands, and the windows of the farm-house looked upon the water. Now there is no vestige of house or family; but the pond perpetuates the farmer's name.

Some of the old houses on these roads look like real homes; the long, low roof spreads out to a broad base, as does an old motherly hen spread herself to cover her brood with her wings. Bare-footed and bare-headed children, dressed in red frocks or blue trousers, who, with a finger in the mouth, look shyly at me as I come near, and run in through the open door as if to seek a place of safety, are the broods that find homes under these peaceful roofs. Sometimes the windows of these old houses give a quaint impression to me as I pass them. Their small panes, like little eyes in the sunlight, seem to wink at me; the irregular lines of their sills, curving down to the corners like a lower lip, seem to pout at me; a low dormer, half way down the slope of the roof, seems to lift its sleepy lid to see who I am; and through a little square hole under

the peak of the gable, which is covered by one small pane of glass, an eye seems to be watching me until I am out of sight.

Occasionally on my rides I meet a doctor rushing along in a sulky, his box of drugs at his feet; then I meet a poor farmer who is eking out his income by peddling dried herrings; then I encounter families from old homesteads going soberly to a clambake on the bay shore, in springless wagons floored with straw. One day I met on the road a man from Boston peddling parlor organs; he had two in his wagon, and he stopped me and asked if I wanted "to buy an organ." Often have I pulled off into a thicket at the roadside to let pass a large wagon crowded with women and children who were going to the cranberry bogs, where they will crawl on hands and knees to reap the fruit, and will receive ten cents for each six-quart measure of it turned over to the owner. Everybody in this region who owns anything appears to own a cranberry bog; the store-keeper owns one; the blacksmith owns one; the oyster-man owns one; even the peddler owns one.

Many of these old roads are bounded by rude stone walls, which were piled up more

than two centuries ago, when the settlers made their fields by cutting down forests and digging out boulders with which they constructed these boundaries. Although the forest has overrun the fields, these walls remain,

"Pathetic monuments of vanished men."

I drove across the Woonkinco River, and ascending a hill I came to a fork near which stood a house in a field of dwarf oaks. The front door was open. Pulling up my horse, I hailed: —

"Does this road lead to Plymouth?"

A stout woman came to the door, and looked at me. She wore a green calico gown, and a broad-brim straw hat such as men wear in hay-fields.

"Yes! Both on 'em," she said; "but Cap'en Savery, he goes Agawame way, — right ahead!"

I know Captain Savery. He commands a lobster cart. Every Tuesday, for more than twenty years, he has been driving it to Wareham with a load of boiled lobsters from Sol Valler's at Ship Pond. That is a little fishing hamlet on the seacoast of Plymouth, where a narrow strip of beach separates the

sea from a small pond, in which were found the remains of a ship driven by a storm at some unknown time across the beach. The woman cautioned me that I was sure to go astray unless I followed the course which the veteran lobster-man is accustomed to steer through the Plymouth woods.

It was a sunny day in August. There had been no rain for nearly a month. Between the tracks of the road clumps of purple wood-asters were struggling for life, and as my horse shambled along, a continuous cloud of dust arose behind the wheels, and was scattered over ferns and huckleberry bushes by the wayside. A green marsh in the centre of an old field, and a small pond covered with lily pads were pleasing contrasts to the brown and weedy grasses surrounding them.

I came to a long row of small, uninhabited houses. Fifty years ago they were bright red houses filled by industrious families, who had their church and their school near by. Time has sagged the doors, toppled the chimneys, and made gray and shabby these remnants of homes. Passing these I turned into the street of Agawame village. The river

runs furiously through the broken gates of a dam, on its course to Buzzard's Bay, and near it are spread the ruins of a large iron mill, which in its day gave prosperity to the village and a living to the people who inhabited those little red houses. Now the neighborhood is silent. Its homesteads have been abandoned; the blacksmith's shop, the mill's store, the boarding-house, the tavern, once a part of the general activity, are fast falling into decay. So, too, is the old-fashioned manor-house, which is separated from the road by a little park of elm-trees, surrounded by a broken-down picket fence. I turned up to it to look at the portrait of a large black bass which the iron-master took from a pond in Plymouth woods thirty years ago, and sketched on the wall of its portico.

Half way on the road from the head of Buzzard's Bay to Plymouth, in a wooded vale, lies a beautiful lake called Half-way Pond. A guide-post stands on a corner of the village street, and, pointing into the woods, says: "Half-way Pond 8 miles." I followed its guidance, and drove away into the woods. The road was heavy with sand, and hedged by thick bushes. Soon I noticed

that the sand had disappeared and pine needles covered the way. In a short time the pine needles were passed, and the road became merely two wheel-tracks with young pines and oaks standing between them. As I advanced, these became larger, bending stiffly as the wagon's body swept over them. Suddenly I came upon a boy with a fish-pole and a string of speckled trout. I asked him: —

"Where does this road go?"

He guessed "it don't go nowhere," with an air of scorn at my question.

A little beyond this encounter, I came upon a man surveying to lay out a cranberry bog. I said to him: "I've lost the road."

"I guess you have," he replied; "but you can follow round and get into it after a while."

There was now no sign of travel except a foot-path through the bushes. At a knoll the path was divided. I turned my horse to the right, because I saw an open space in that direction and the glimmer of a line of sand, which I concluded to be the road. The path led me down to the broad sand-covered dyke of a cranberry farm. It was

impossible to go further. I dismounted, and lifted the wagon around; then, carefully retracing the way I had come, I reached at last the guide-post at the corner of the village street. Then I drove to "the store" to inquire about the road to Half-way Pond.

"Can you tell me about it?" I asked of a cheerful, broad-bosomed woman who stood behind the counter.

"Dear me!" she answered in a distressed tone, "it 's dreadful crooked. Just as soon tell ye as not, but don't believe I can."

"I can," said a small boy who was listening, "if you 'll give me a pencil."

He took up a box cover, and drew a line up and down it, then a line parallel, then a line crossing both, then lines curving away from all the lines.

"That 's the way the road goes," said he, following one of the lines with the pencil. "When you git here, that fork 'll lead you to Federal Furnace. Keep on by this corner, and look out there for a cedar swamp. Here you 'll see some cranberry bogs; and when you git here, don't turn into that road, 'cause it goes to Zekel's Pond. You 'll see a white rag tied to a pine-tree. You go by it,

and you 'll come to an oak with a shingle nailed on it; then keep straight ahead, mister, all the time, and I guess you 'll git there."

"I guess I 'll give it up," said I. "I 'll drive in some other direction."

A DAY ON THE SHORE

A DAY ON THE SHORE

It was the Fourth of July; there were no great guns nor brazen bells to usher in the day, but only the songs of birds in the elms and apple-trees, and the lusty shouts of a fancy rooster that lords it over our barnyard domain. Now and then a rustic near Country Bridge fired off a musket. In the soft morning air its sound resembled the explosion of a paper bag. The farm was silent and deserted, although ripe grass stood waiting for the scythe, and yesterday's hay was still outspread. You could not have hired a laborer to rake it up at ten dollars a day, for all the men had gone down the bay to celebrate the Fourth.

As our farm-house was filled with guests from the city we decided to celebrate the day by a clambake on the shore. So, on the evening before, I drove over to a little

hamlet of old houses lying on the road to the beach, to hire a clam-digger. The houses are occupied by unambitious people who fish or farm as the fancy takes them, and do not trouble themselves with thoughts about the morrow. All kinds of labor "kind o' goes agin" their convictions. The houses stand on the edge of an oak thicket where roads from the back country meet and fork away toward the bay, and at the fork stands a small dilapidated house having one story and one door. On its gable end, facing you as you approach, is always sitting a large crow; like Poe's raven, which was forever sitting "on the pallid bust of Pallas" just above his chamber door. Children long ago named this house the Crow Hotel, and in younger days they felt a dread of it as they rode past on their way to the beach; for through its always open door could be seen signs of that wretchedness which is likely to make mischief in a neighborhood. Strung along the road just beyond are other houses of the settlement. No fences separate them from the land which they occupy; as it was easier for the families to gather their firewood from the fences, while these lasted, than to go a few steps farther into the forest to get it.

I pulled up my horse in front of a house before which several barefooted boys were grouped, each one trying in turn to jump farthest from a standpoint into the road; marking the spot where the jump lands him with a scratch made by his big toe in the sand. They stopped their sport and stared at me when I told them that I wanted to hire a man to dig clams.

"Dun know where you'll git him," was their opinion.

But I succeeded in finding one; and it was interesting to discover that his name and pedigree came from a passenger in the Mayflower. He agreed to dig three bushels of clams at low tide in the morning, to make the bake, and be at our service for the day; the entire consideration being three dollars.

Immediately after breakfast on the morning of the Fourth, preparations for the picnic are begun. Baskets are filled with desirable things from the pantry and oven, demijohns are filled with fresh water, bathing-suits and towels are sorted and made into packages. These things are stowed away in two large wagons, to each of which a span of horses is harnessed.

At noon we lock the house, crowd into the wagons, and drive away. We ride through the woods and snuff the fragrant odors which a warm sun is distilling from pine trees. Along the roadsides sweetbriar roses are blooming. Children are allowed to jump out of the wagons to break off clusters of ripening blueberries, and to pick wild cranberry blossoms or laurel flowers with which to adorn their straw hats. Now the root of a big tree bulging in the road gives us a heavy jounce as the wheels pass over it; then a deep rut catches the wheels and we are all thrown against each other. These things are made sport of as we drive on and find them repeated. After a half hour's journey we pass the house on whose gable the crow is perched; then we pass mounds covered with moss, through which peep out bleached clam-shells, which are supposed to be remnants of clambakes enjoyed by Indians centuries ago; then a short drive brings us to the bay shore, where we find our Mayflower man awaiting us under the pine trees, having all the materials at hand for the bake.

The horses are now unharnessed and tied to trees, the wagons are rolled into shady

places and unloaded, the guests lounge along the beach to some cool retreat where they may read a novel or quietly watch the yachts and fishing-boats that are going up and down the bay. The children take off shoes and stockings and are soon paddling on the edge of the water; or digging little canals and cisterns into which the tide creeps; or picking up snails, tiny crabs, and scallop shells; or building sand castles, to be washed away by the ripples which the south wind sends to shore.

In the mean time our man is making the bake. A large, pan-shaped hole has been scooped out and carefully lined with stones. On these he builds a fire, heaps it high with dry wood, keeping it in full glow until the stones have become red hot. Then he clears away the fire, removes the embers, sweeps off the ashes, and upon the clean, hot stones he spreads a cover of mossy rockweeds, just gathered from the bay. Over this he spreads the three bushels of clams; these he covers with long sea-grass, sloped up in a heap which confines all the heat and steam arising from the stones. The clams are cooked in twenty minutes; the oven is opened on the

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leeward side, and all hands are summoned to help themselves. We burn our fingers with the hot shells, as each layer of clams is uncovered, and we are careful not to spill the hot juice as we press the shells open and with our fingers take out the delicious morsels.

From a tent where bathing-suits have been put on, there is now a run to the water; and while some jump in, others recline on the beach to watch the bathers; children are wetting their ankles with a scream; girls are splashing in the shallows and incessantly shrieking; bolder boys are diving off into the depths; and the city belles! . . .

The sight of belles in bathing-dresses easily destroys one's respect for the maxim that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. But she who now sits on the sand and laughs at the uncomely appearance of her comrades in the bath, may be seen, some other day, emerging from it as they are now: —

> "Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks,
> Like seaweed round a clam."

OLD COLONY WITCH STORIES

OLD COLONY WITCH STORIES

MANY a New England village has had its witch, its haunted house, its graveyard ghost, and its goblin stories. Its children have been afraid to go to bed in the dark, and are afraid now, lest "the Boogars" catch them. These mysterious creatures are supposed to haunt the darkness of bed-chambers and to live by day in some obscure cubby-hole in the garret. The moral lessons for which their pretended existence is used are thus expressed by the Hoosier poet: —

"You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!"

There are two women, descended from one of the English settlers of the Plymouth colony, who tell witch stories and believe in the existence of witches, or of old women who can exercise a supernatural power over others. Their mother and grandmother, for they are sisters, held to the same superstition. In their day a belief in the working of evil influences was almost universal with the lower classes of people in the county, and witchwood was gathered under peculiar circumstances to be kept as a shield against the witcheries of mumbling and wrinkled hags. Farmers were then particular to cut their cordwood "on the decrease of the moon;" a death in the family was told to the bees, and sometimes the hives were trimmed with crape, as if it were possible for the wandering spirit of the dead to come back to the homestead to get a supply of honey, if stinted of it in the last resting-place. Akin to this superstition was a custom prevalent in some English colonies of burying a suicide in the cross-roads and driving a stake through the body, to prevent the spirit from coming back to vex the community.

"After you pass Carver Green on the old

road from the bay to Plymouth," said one of these women, "you will see a green hollow in a field. It is Witches' Hollow, and is green in winter and summer, and on moonlit nights witches have been seen dancing in it to the music of a fiddle played by an old black man. I never saw them, but I know people who saw witches dancing there. In a small house near the hollow, a little old woman lived who was a witch; she went by the name of Old Betty, and she danced on the green with the devil as a partner. There was an old man who lived in that neighborhood by himself; he was kind to Betty, giving her food and firewood. After a while he got tired of her and told her she must keep away. One day he caught her there and put her in a bag, and locked the bag in a closet, and put the key in his pocket, and went away to his work. While he was gone, she got out of the bag and unlocked the door. Then she got his pig, dog, cat, and rooster, put them into the bag, put the bag in the closet and hid herself. When the man came home the animals in the bag were making a dreadful noise. 'Ah, ha! Old Betty, there you are!' said the man. He took the bag and

dashed it on his doorstone, and the old woman laughed and cried out, 'You hain't killed Old Betty yet!'"

Another story told by the old women was of two witches who lived in Plymouth woods, near the head of Buzzard's Bay, who never went out in the daytime; but in the evening twilight they walked out "casting spells." They cast a spell on a boy, compelling him to follow them home. Putting him to bed in a lower room, they went up a ladder into the loft. At midnight the boy saw them come down the ladder, go to the oven, and take out a quahog shell. Each witch rubbed it behind her ears and said "Whisk!" when each flew up the chimney. The boy got up and rubbed the shell behind his ears; immediately he went up the chimney and found himself standing outdoors beside the witches, who were sitting astride black horses in the yard. On seeing the boy one of them dismounted, went into the house and returned with a "witch bridle" and a bundle of straw. She flung the bridle over the straw, and out of it came a pony. The boy was put on the pony's back, and away the three cantered across a large meadow, until they came to a

brook. The witches cleared the brook at a leap; but the boy, when he cleared it, said to his pony, "A pretty good jump for a lousy calf!" Those words broke the spell; the pony vanished, the boy stood alone with the bridle and the straw. He now ran after the witches, and soon he came to an old deserted house in which he heard the sound of fiddles. He peeped in a window and saw a black man fiddling, and the two witches and other old women dancing around him. Frightened, he ran down the road until he came to a farmhouse. He knocked on the door, was admitted, and the next day the farmer carried him to his parents.

The old women who told the witch stories said that their grandmother had been personally acquainted with two witches, in the last century. One of these was named Deborah Borden, called at that day "Deb Burden," who was supposed to have caused a great deal of mischief in Wareham, Rochester, and Middleboro. It was thought to be necessary for farmers to keep in her good graces lest she should cause a murrain to come upon cattle, lest the rye refuse to head, and the corn to ear. She was a weaver of

cloth and rag carpets. Woe to the unlucky housewife who worried Deb or hurried her at her looms! I will let one of the sisters relate her story of this sorceress. It is not probable that the relator had ever heard of Robert Burns' story of Tam O'Shanter and his gray mare Meg; but a running brook filled the same place in that story and in this: —

"Once my grandmother had a web of cloth in Deb's looms, so she sent my mother and a girl named Phebe after it. The two girls were just as intimate as finger and thumb. They went to Deb's house and told her what my grandmother said, and it made her mad, 'cause she did n't like to be hurried. Near her back door was a tree full of red apples, and Phebe said, 'Won't you please give me an apple?' and Deb said, 'Drat you! No, I won't!' My mother was n't afraid, so she took an apple for Phebe and one for herself, and she said to Deb: —

"'I ain't afraid of ye, ye old witch!'

"'Ye ain't?' Deb screamed; 'then I 'll make ye afraid afore ye git home!'

"They had a piece of woods to go through; in the middle of it there was a pair of bars,

and on the other side of the bars there was a brook. Suddenly they heard a roaring and they saw a black bull coming. 'Oh!' said Phebe, 'Captain Besse's bull has got out and he will get us;' so they ran for the bars. They got through them and across the brook, when the bull leaped the bars and stopped on the edge of the brook and roared; then my mother knew it was old Deb Burden who was in the bull to frighten the girls, because the brook stopped the critter. Witches can't cross running water, you know.

"The girls reached home dreadfully frightened, and told what had happened. 'Never mind,' said my grandfather; 'I'll fix Debbie!' When she brought home the cloth, he came into the house and slipped behind her as she sat by the fire, and put a darning-needle through her dress and fastened her to the chair. Well, she sot; and every once in a while she said, 'I must go;' but she could n't stir; she would be still for a while and then say, 'Why, I must go and tend my fire;' but she could n't stir no more 'n a milestone; and he kept her in the chair all day, and then he pulled out the needle and let her go. 'Scare my gal agin, ye old witch!' he said.

You know witches can't do anything when steel is nigh, and that was the reason the darning-needle held her.

"Once Deb came to Thankful Haskell's in Rochester, and sot by the fire, and her daughter, fourteen year old, was sweeping the room, and she put the broom under Deb's chair. You can't insult a witch more than that, 'cause a broomstick is what they ride on when they go off on mischief. Deb was mad as a March hare, and she cussed the child. Next day the child was taken sick, and all the doctors gin her up, and they sent for old Dr. Bemis of Middleboro; he put on his spectacles and looked at her, and said he, 'This child is bewitched; go, somebody, and see what Deb is up to.' Mr. Haskell got on his horse and rode to Deb's house; there was nobody in but a big black cat; this was the devil, and witches always leave him to take care of the house when they go out. Mr. Haskell looked around for Deb, and he saw her down to the bottom of the garden by a pool of water, and she was making images out of clay and sticking in pins. As quick as he saw her he knew what ailed the child; so he laid his whip around her shoulders good,

and said, 'Stop that, Deb, or you shall be burnt alive!' She whimpered, and the black cat came out and growled and spread his tail, but Mr. Haskell laid on the whip, and at last she screamed, 'Your young one shall git well!' and that child began to mend right off. The black cat disappeared all of a suddint and Mr. Haskell thought the earth opened and took him in."

"Moll Ellis was called the witch of Plymouth," said the other sister, taking up the story-telling. "She got a grudge agin Mr. Stevens, a man my grandfather worked for, and three years runnin' she cast a spell on the cattle and horses, and upsot his hay in a brook. My grandfather drove and Stevens was on the load, and when they came to the brook the oxen snorted, and the horses reared and sweat, and they all backed and the hay was upsot into the brook. One day Stevens said, 'I'll not stand this; I'll go and see what Moll Ellis is about.' So he went up to her house, and there she lay on her back a-chewin' and a-mutterin' dretful spell words, and as quick as Stevens saw her he knew what ailed his cattle; and he walked right up to the bed, and he told Moll, 'If you ever

upset another load of hay I 'll have you hung for a witch.' She was dretful scart, and promised she never would harm him again. When she was talking, a little black devil, that looked just like a bumblebee, flew into the window and popped down her throat; 't was the one she had sent out to scare the cattle and horses. When Moll died, they could n't get the coffin out the door because it had a steel latch; they had to put it out the window."

Whether Moll was in the habit of using the window to pass in and out of her dwelling-house in her lifetime, these women could not tell; but they firmly believed in Moll, and in witches, devils, and familiar spirits. That belief, under various names, still flourishes with certain classes of people in eastern Massachusetts. At Onset I have heard them speak of "manifestations" received from the spirits of the first settlers on the shores of Buzzard's Bay, and I have read in a Bristol County newspaper that a mysterious hearse had been seen driven by a headless man along a road in the woods.

In regard to such stories I must say, as Mr. Addison said after relating the story of

Glaphyra: "If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his opinion to himself; but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue."

A THANKSGIVING

A THANKSGIVING

In December, 1621, Edward Winslow, of the Mayflower company, wrote a letter from Plymouth to a "louing and old friend" in London, saying:—

"We set the last Spring some twentie Acres of Indian Corne, and sowed some six acres of Barley & Pease and according to the manner of the Indians, we manured our ground with Herrings or rather Shadds, which we have in great abundance and take with great ease at our doores. Our Corne did proue well & God be praysed, and our Barly indifferent good, but our Pease not worth the gathering, they came up very well, and blossomed, but the Sunne parched them in the blossome; our harvest being gotten in, our Governour sent foure men on fowling, so that we might after a more speciall manner reioyce together after we gathered the fruit of our labours; they foure in one day killed as many

fowle as with a little helpe beside served the Company almost a weeke."

This rejoicing together "after a more speciall manner" was the first Thanksgiving Day in New England. But in 1621 it was not called by the name it now bears, nor did its circumstances resemble those which now surround it. Then, frightful mysteries were lurking on the wooded horizon of the camp at Plymouth. Now, there looms upon the horizon of our Thanksgiving Day nothing more frightful than an enormous turkey. There were no cheerful firesides nor jovial guests in the Plymouth huts; and although the exiles ate the partridges and wild turkeys which the "foure men on fowling" had shot in the Plymouth woods for their Thanksgiving dinners, the eaters were not free from anxiety and discomfort; and imagination may picture the dyspepsias which haunted them after that "almost a weeke" of feasting.

It is something to rejoice over that no matter who is the President, nor what political party holds the key to the treasury, nor what taxes oppress the people, the whirligig of time is sure to bring in a Thanksgiving

for everybody, on the last Thursday in November. Men may say that they are too busy, and women may say that they have nothing to wear; circumstances may change and friends may change with them; but here comes this most hospitable day of the year, unchanged in its spirit by any changes of time. Shops are shut, factories are silent, the iron door of discounts and deposits is closed, the Ship of State is hove to and all hands are piped to dinner. Only the ball clubs, with their devotees, are left out of doors on Thanksgiving Day.

To see a picture of the genuine Thanksgiving Day, you may send your memory back to the old homestead from which, perhaps, you wandered long ago; or you may go with me in imagination to a New England village.

A long sermon has been preached in the village meeting-house, in which the preacher has exhorted the people to render thanks to the Supreme Ruler, the giver of every good and perfect gift; to love the country and its institutions; to respect all those who are set in lawful authority over them; and, finally, to prepare for that eternal kingdom which

is to come. The sermon is ended; the meeting-house is closed, and the village street is soon deserted.

On these stone-walled farms fragrant barns are preserving the wealth of a harvest closely gathered. In her ample stall stands the old gray mare, whinnying for an extra quart of corn, and whisking her tail in thanksgiving that fly-time is ended. The brindled cows poke their mild faces over the barnyard gates, chewing unconsciously the cud of thanksgiving. Chanticleer, thankful for this extra-meal-giving day, and regardless of the fate of his progeny who are smoking in the chicken pie, mounts the highest peak of the wood-pile, and with lusty crow announces himself the undaunted cock of all creation.

From those great, square, brick chimneys curls up peacefully the smoke of thanksgiving kitchens. All out-door work has been laid aside, and the juvenile Yankee nation has gathered indoors, where it is kicking up its heels like a young colt, shouting, "Begone, dull care!" and bidding grandmother "Hurry up those pumpkin pies!"

The restless Jonathan is at home to-day; he dismisses his dignity with a yawn of relief

as he finds himself free from his stocks in New York, his grain in Chicago, and his plantations in Louisiana. He romps with the children to-day in the hay-loft, and builds blocks of houses for them on the sitting-room floor. The London clock in its tall mahogany case, standing in a corner as it stood in the old colonial times, whirrs off the noisy hours; and grandfather sits at the fireside, tapping his snuff-box, and waving gleefully his red bandanna handkerchief. He enters into all the frolics of the grandchildren, and his feelings say: —

> "Play on, play on; I am with you there,
> In the midst of your merry ring;
> I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
> And the rush of the breathless swing.
> I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
> And I whoop the smothered call,
> And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
> And I care not for the fall."

That parchment framed upon the wall of the sitting-room is a commission from "George the Second, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King," appointing this grandfather's grandfather "to be one of Our Justice to keep Our Peace in the County of Plymouth within Our Province

of Massachusetts Bay, in New England." It is dated "this 26th day of June, 1755." From that day to this the odor of Thanksgiving Day has annually filled the old house from cellar to garret, as it is filled now. There is a savory sense of turkeys browning on the spits of tin ovens; of chickens crusted with hot pastry; of beans baking in dark pots of earthen; of mince pies steaming with spices and cider; the very atmosphere smacks of the goodness of Thanksgiving Day.

After we have given thanks for all the mercies and blessings which the day has unfolded to our memories, we should not forget to give thanks for the day itself, — the most delightful episode in the circle of the seasons.

Blow the wind from what quarter it will, this is the day of all the year when we should heave the deep-sea lead of memory into the past, take new bearings and departures, and begin the reckonings of a new voyage. It is the day when we should be on good terms with all flesh, especially with ourselves — and the cook. It is the day when we should scare up all the celestial turkeys roosting in

our hearts, and send one to everybody in the neighborhood who is poorer than we are. To-day we should grate off the rinds of our selfish dispositions; we should baste our worldly wisdom with large spoonfuls of the drippings of humility; we should lard the tenderloin of our affections with the fat of benevolence; we should stuff the breast of our vanities with a dressing of knowledge seasoned with godliness; we should rejoice that, although we have been broiled on the gridiron of adversity ninety and nine times, we are spared to see Thanksgiving Day with a clear conscience, a thankful heart, and a rousing appetite. And we are determined that nothing shall vex the tranquillity of our Thanksgiving but an endless grace or an invincible "drumstick."

All hail to Thanksgiving Day, which has been an annual visitor at our firesides for many generations! I say, as Patrick Henry said of the Revolution, "Let it come! I repeat it, sir, Let it come! Although every gale that sweeps from the North may bring to our ears the clash of resounding" — knives and forks, let it come for its associations of home and kindred, for the memories

it preserves and the hopes it creates. And as often as it comes, let our thanks be sincere, our charities unbounded, our armchairs capacious, our turkeys well cooked. Then, after the cloth is removed, we may each stand up and declare, with grateful satisfaction, "The Duke hath dined!"

SOCIETY IN THE MENAGERIE

SOCIETY IN THE MENAGERIE

THE inhabitants of the menagerie have a doctor who is at home at all hours of the day. He has his prescriptions, his surgical instruments, and his professional anxieties. He looks into the eye of the lion, watches the appetite of the leopard, notes the nervousness of the panther, the despondency of the bear, the shivering fits of the monkey, the gluttonous habit of the ostrich, the paling lips of the seal. And although he cannot count the pulses of his wild patients by the tick of his watch, nor examine their tongues with that openness which a medical man always desires, he can nevertheless form a pretty good estimate of the daily health of each individual in this primeval community.

The doctor keeps a professional diary, which he allowed me to read. It contains a record of the sicknesses in the menagerie, of

the symptoms of patients, the treatment, and the result. For example: "January 20, Panther Joe taken sick, very feverish, continual vomiting, gave him sugar and water." The next record of Joe's illness was written on the 1st of February: "Panther Joe still down, has taken no food, gave him tartar emetic; threw off considerable yellow fluid from stomach." The panther's illness continues without abatement, and on the 6th of February the doctor wrote: "Panther Joe has eaten nothing yet, tried him with a bird, also with milk; will take nothing but water." Poor Joe! He is indeed very sick when he turns his nose away from a bird. But there now comes a change; the fever leaves him, and a few days later it is recorded in the diary that Joe has eaten a little raw meat.

A leopard gives birth to four cubs. Two days later she is found to be nervous and restless. She takes the cubs in her mouth, one after another, and carries them as she silently stalks around and around within her cage. She lays the cubs down, picks them up, then deposits them in a corner. Evidently she does not like the publicity of her position, and is longing

"For a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,"

whither she may retreat to enjoy her young ones, far away from the eyes of men. The doctor orders her cage to be covered with canvas so that no one can see her. One day she clinches her teeth through two of the cubs, and kills them; the remaining two are then removed from the cage to be fed from a nursing bottle. After a while they are given to a dog, who suckles them with her pups; and by this care, and the occasional use of the nursing bottle, these two young leopards get on in the world. The doctor's record says that on the ninth day from birth one of the cubs opens an eye; on the tenth day each cub has both eyes open; on the twentieth day their canine and incisor teeth are cut; on the fortieth day they begin to lap with their tongues. Now, as the dog will have nothing more to do with them, they are taken away and put on exhibition.

One morning the doctor is called to a wolf which has been seized with fits. He treats it with a salt-water bath, bleeding, and salt; the next day there is no improvement; on the third day the wolf is seized by spasms,

and dies. The inhabitants of the menagerie die of every disease that is known to man. It is recorded in the doctor's book that a young camel died of an enlargement of the heart; that a rattlesnake died of a cancer in its mouth, which is a common disease of the serpent tribe. To a neighbor of mine in the city there were consigned, for sale, twenty boa constrictors, shipped from the banks of the Amazon River. When they were landed, three were found to have cancers in the mouth. An anaconda in the menagerie choked itself in an attempt to swallow a blanket; an ostrich poisoned itself by swallowing copper pennies; a beautiful toucan, from tropical America, swallowed a woman's hairpin, and died from ulceration. The brightest and most intelligent of these prisoners, a Labrador seal, died in consequence of cruel tricks played upon it; in its stomach were found "stones, nails, screws, shells, buttons," which human barbarians had thrown to it. I find the record of a young alligator whose eyes were eaten out by turtles in the night; of a peccary dying from tubercles in its lungs; of a porcupine bursting a blood-vessel near the heart. Some of the inhabi-

tants of the menagerie have died from gluttony; some from home-sickness; some from duels fought with companions; some from a long-continued debility, as a bear that expired quietly in the night, from what men call "heart failure," or want of breath. An ocelot, restless and weary of confinement, having retired, as it were, from business, and knowing not what to do, began to gnaw its tail; the doctor ordered tar to be put on the end of it; but the creature continued to gnaw, and in a few days had eaten the tail entirely off; then it died.

The menagerie doctor does not put much faith in the use of drugs, and he finds it difficult to administer them if his patient dislikes them. It was only because a polar bear was fond of cod-liver oil that the doctor was allowed to administer it for a sore throat. All wild animals possess a power of healing their ordinary wounds by dressing with their tongues; but when attacked by a disease, they can do nothing for themselves, and there is not much that the doctor can do for them. If they are sick unto death, they usually seek for a place of darkness and solitude in which to wait the event.

The smaller animals are always trying to escape from confinement. Raccoons and foxes are frequently successful in attempts to run away; their natural cunning helps them. One night four foxes scampered off. An Egyptian goose flew away, and a swan, attempting to follow the goose, struck its head against a telegraph wire, and fell dead; an opossum got out of its cage in the night, and made its supper on a hawk and a turtle-dove; an eagle broke a wire of its cage, and flew away to the mountains of freedom.

Here are twelve elephants standing in a row, each chained by a hind leg to a post. The largest of these sagacious creatures is thirty years old, eleven feet high, and weighs twelve thousand pounds. They can drink water, bucket after bucket full, eat hay by the bale, and are fond of sweets, apples, and peanuts, which they are thankful to accept in small quantities from visitors; they stand quietly with open mouths to play catcher to a child who pitches to them a little ball of corn-candy. An example of the sagacity of these creatures was noted in the Manchester Zoo. Near the stalls of the elephants were boxes containing biscuits, which could be

released by a penny put into a slot. Some visitors occasionally gave to the elephants a half penny, and as experience had taught them that this coin is of no value for obtaining biscuits, it was generally thrown back to the giver. One day a visitor gave the baby elephant a number of half pennies in succession, each of which was thrown back as soon as received. Two half pennies were then given to the animal at the same time. His demeanor was immediately changed. He held the two coins in his trunk, rubbing them together, rocking from side to side, and seeming to be pondering deeply. At last he dropped them into the box together, and their combined weight gave him the desired biscuit. His joy was almost ludicrous. His big ears were expanded, and he gamboled about in a manner which exhibited the most extravagant delight.

Notwithstanding its sagacity, an elephant may be easily frightened by a mouse. A keeper at the Bridgeport menagerie took a string having a slip-noose in its end, slipped it around the body of a mouse, and placed the mouse in front of an elephant. As soon as the elephant saw it he reared up in a

fright, and tugged to get away from his chain. While the mouse was running around the circuit allowed by the string, the elephant watched it with expressions of terror; then trembled, turned around, and screamed. The same experiment was tried, with similar results, on other elephants; but when the mouse was placed before one who was an old resident of the menagerie, he put down his trunk near it, and blew it away in such a furious blast that the string was broken, and the mouse disappeared from sight.

Here are lions "going about," but not "roaring," although it is evident that their only thought is for something to devour. They are fed once a day on raw meat; but on Sunday they get nothing to eat. As the daily feeding hour draws near, they stop their perambulation of the cage, stand alert, and look over the heads of the visitors to a door through which will come the man who always brings their dinners. "Why don't that man come?" they are evidently saying to themselves. As soon as they have eaten they will lie down and go to sleep. The tigers are not as sedate as the lions. While stalking with noiseless tread up and down

the cage, their heads are turned frequently towards the open door with thoughts of dinner-time; sometimes they pause and raise themselves on hind legs to get a more extended view through the door; their steps become quicker and quicker as their impatience increases; now they are standing still, purring against the bars, curling their tails, because they see the dinner-man coming.

In their native jungle, tigers become man-eaters as soon as they have lost their fear of man. Then they are cunning enough to avoid all traps set for them; and they are strong enough and bold enough to break into houses and carry off the inmates. In India the terror which a man-eating tiger causes has depopulated a village and put another in a state of siege, the inhabitants being afraid to go out to draw water from a stream which was but a short distance away.

Lions and tigers are somewhat particular in washing themselves. They wet, with the tongue, the pad of a forefoot, and pass it to and fro, as if it were a sponge, over the face and behind the ears. The rest of the body they comb with their rough tongues. Their reception rooms — the cages in which visi-

tors see them — are swept, and carpeted with sawdust in the morning before their majesties leave the sleeping apartments. When the connecting doors are drawn open, the beasts come out at their leisure to begin the day. They usually sleep late in the morning, and sometimes they come out with bounds and growls as if they had not passed a pleasant night. Here comes a tiger of Bengal, who probably has received a curtain lecture from her mate. She bounds out as soon as the door is open, stands erect and nervous, as if she wanted something to do, switches her tail, looks into each corner of the cage, and calls for her fellow to come forth, as if she desired him to "knock a chip" off her shoulder. When he appears she seems to be satisfied with his caress, lies down, rolls over on her back, folds her paws on her breast, and falls asleep, with the appearance of being the most harmless creature in the world. A tiger sleeps sometimes in the attitude of a cat, with forefeet drawn under the body, and sometimes in the attitudes of a dog, resting the head on the forepaws; or stretched at full length on a side, the paws outspread. In another cage are

two young leopards asleep, the head of one resting lovingly on a shoulder of the other; and you think you would enjoy going into the cage to caress the little beauties.

Every member of society in the menagerie, whether young or old, is vicious at heart. The savage nature may be restrained while in confinement, but it is not eradicated. The lion and the lamb can never lie down together in menagerie cages. Even beautiful creatures, having mild eyes and gentle countenances, are not to be trusted. Deer are savage; so is the antelope from India; so is the little springbok, of elegant form, from South Africa. "You can't tell what they'll do," said a keeper, "if you go near them." Therefore the keepers are always wary when entering cages; and they never enter unless it is necessary to do so. A kangaroo seized its keeper on entering the cage, and pinioned him erect in its short forearms. With the claws of its powerful hind legs it would have ripped open the man's body by one blow, had he not known how to crowd the beast back into a corner, and hamper its hind legs by a certain pressure, until opportunity came to escape from the embrace.

"Those black panthers," said a keeper, "I raised from kittens. I used to go into their cage until they got grown; then I quit. I saw they did n't want me in there any more. One of our men said he was n't afraid to go in, and he went; and the panthers went for him. He died in about five minutes after we got him out of the cage."

In the menagerie, social contact causes no irritation between individuals. This fact seems to mark a difference between the temperaments of wild animals and of men. The interest which they feel in each other's society was shown by the following incident in the Central Park Zoo: A hyena had given birth to twins, and after they had got well started in life it became necessary to clean out the cage. To do this the mother and young ones must be removed to an adjoining cage, and the father who is occupying it must be transferred to another place. When the transfer box was wheeled in, it attracted attention from the entire society. The hippopotamuses retreated to their tank and snorted; while the baby hippopotamus plunged under the water, and stayed there. The lions, tigers, and leopards showed their

interest, at first, by silent watchings; afterwards they became furiously excited. The mother hyena pushed her babies into a corner of the cage, and expressed her feelings in cries and barks. At last the father hyena went quietly into the box; but when this was rolled away, the noise that followed it might be likened (in Milton's words) to "all hell broke loose." Every quadruped that saw what had been done roared in anger; and it seemed as if

> "The universal host up sent
> A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
> Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

Here is a cage occupied by monkeys, where eating, sleeping, playing, and inquisitive works go on continually. It offers the most amusing spectacle in the menagerie. A mother monkey is washing her children. If one of them resists, she picks it up by the tail and cuffs it; if one is sick, she holds it gently in her arms, and fondles it as a woman would fondle her child. The doctor's record shows that monkeys take cold easily, suffer from ulcerated sore throats, bronchitis, tuberculosis, and die of consumption, as do men and women.

Mr. Crowley was a monkey (an African ape), whose resemblance to man gave him that name, and made him famous as long as he lived in the Central Park Zoo. He ate his daily meals while sitting in a chair at a table, using a knife and fork exactly as they are used by civilized people. He took soup with a spoon, wiped his lips with a napkin, and drank from a cup or tumbler held in his hand. He suddenly died of pneumonia. Sally, a famous ape of the London Zoo, who died from a disease of the lungs, behaved like a human being during her last illness. She came to the front of her cage to take medicine when told to do so; and when she became so feeble that it was necessary for her to stay in the kennel, she reached out her hand to welcome the doctor whenever he approached.

Man is likely to have a more intimate acquaintance with this apparent kinsman. There has been obtained, by means of a phonograph, evidence of the existence of speech in monkeys; and an attempt is to be made to ascertain the meanings and modifications of some of their labial sounds. Early one morning, as I was riding on the summit

of the Bombay Ghauts near Mattaran, I saw ahead of me, in a field bordering the bridle-path, a large monkey seated on the ground and watching the gambols of half a dozen young ones. These were wrestling, jumping, and playing tag like boys and girls. As soon as the old monkey discovered me approaching, she uttered a word which called all the children to her side.[1] Motioning them to go behind her, as if for safety, she faced me while I passed by under inspection of the curious eyes of the family. Curiosity is as strong in monkeys as in men. They show as much curiosity about their visitors in the menagerie as the visitors show about them. Curiosity has caused a monkey to drag a chair across a room, and stand on it that he might reach a latch which he wanted to open, and to use sticks to pry open the

[1] "They talk with one another on a limited number of subjects, but in very few words, which they frequently repeat if necessary. Their language is purely one of sounds, and while these sounds are accompanied by signs, as a rule, I think they are quite able to get along better with the sounds alone than with signs alone. The rules by which we may interpret the sounds of simian speech are the same as those by which we should interpret human speech." — *The Speech of Monkeys*, by R. L. Garner.

lid of a chest which he was curious to examine. In the London Zoo a violin was played before a cage containing an orang-outang, who was ranked as the most intelligent member of the Zoo society. He seated himself facing the player, and while chewing a straw, he gravely listened to the music, curious to understand its meaning. "He looks just like our manager when a new piece is on!" said the violinist, as he ended the serenade.

The monkey's likeness to man is very apparent when dressed in man's clothes. The captain of a brig lying at anchor in the Congo River saw on shore an ape wearing trousers, and leading a horse. He bought the creature, and brought it to New York, where it was seized by custom-house officers for non-payment of protective duties, and was sold at auction in July, 1892. At the sale it was noticed that the ape chewed tobacco and drank lager beer, holding the tumbler in hand while drinking; he was then wearing a jacket, trousers, and a straw hat. Looking on this scene, one may ask: Did man descend from this imitation of himself?

He did, according to the Darwinian the-

ory, which teaches that the human race and a race of anthropoid apes had the same origin; "however much the conclusion may revolt our pride," says Mr. Darwin.[1] The process of descent was by "natural selection," as it is called, or "the survival of the fittest," which means the fittest to survive in the struggle for existence. We are therefore to believe that man, in the remote period of his origin, resembled, to some extent, the late Mr. Crowley of the Central Park Zoo, and the lager-beer-drinking ape who was seized by his brothers of the custom house.

[1] Darwin's theory of the origin of man cannot be stated better than in the following words from his *Descent of Man* (Pt. I. ch. 6): "An ancient form which possessed many characters common to the catarrhine and platyrrhine monkeys, and others in an intermediate condition, and some few perhaps distinct from those now present in either group, would undoubtedly have been ranked, if seen by a naturalist, as an ape or a monkey. And as man, under a genealogical point of view, belongs to the catarrhine or Old World stock, we must conclude, however much the conclusion may revolt our pride, that our early progenitors would have been properly thus designated. But we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey." The evolutionists have never given any satisfactory explanation of the manner in which man acquired speech.

The primary ancestors of the Congo ape and of its owner were affiliated; in the process of evolution the original types melted away, and others appeared in their places; and as these traveled "down the ringing grooves of change," a race of bipeds was developed fitted to survive and improve under the new conditions which animal life on the earth had to encounter.

This was the parting of the ways. Mr. Crowley's type was left stationary; and man's type, in a state of savagery, came to the front as a survivor of the fittest. At this point of survival there could have been but a small difference between man and monkey. The former was nothing more than a "primeval semi-human savage,"[1] the wild "brute ancestor of man,"[2] whose "appearance was not so very different from that of his brother ape."[3]

Neither of these creatures had yet acquired any articulate speech; and we may suppose that each chattered like an original monkey, and "grunted and howled,"[4] as does the

[1] Fiske, *Darwinism*, p. 46.
[2] Fiske, *The Destiny of Man*, p. 28.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 29. [4] Fiske, *Darwinism*, p. 44.

monkey tribe now. They lived as brutes in herds; their dwelling-places were caves and trees and similar shelters provided by Nature; they quarreled with each other in the spirit of selfishness, as wild animals quarrel, and as wild animals they lived and died. All the time Nature was working out her process of evolution, leaving the ape behind, and carrying forward the "semi-human savage" through his upward grades of savagery, and his upward grades of barbarism, into the dawning lights of civilization. Thus man became "the heir of all the ages."

THE MIND OF MY DOG

THE MIND OF MY DOG

"There is no doubt that all of our thinking, except the most simple and rudimentary, is carried on with the aid of words."

"It is a mistake to suppose that we cannot think, cannot compare, or reason, or feel, or approve, or disapprove, without language."

I WONDER what my dog would say about these contradictory opinions of two eminent men; for it is certain that he understands language and has a thinking machinery, which he carries on both with the aid of words and without their aid. He has been my comrade for ten years; a large white setter, with red cheeks penciled off from the white with exact regularity, red ears, a red spot on his back. The marks of his mind are as distinct as those of his body. The extent of his intelligence and the gentle beauty of his countenance are as notable as is

his loyalty to me. I am prompted to say, when he is stretched at my feet watching me, as if to learn my thoughts: —

> "I look into your great brown eyes,
> Where love and loyal homage shine,
> And wonder where the difference lies
> Between your soul and mine!"

In the morning, Spot (that is the name of my dog) comes to my bedroom door and gets admission. I leave him there, and going to the bathroom, I say: "Do you want your face washed?" He appears in a few moments at the bathroom door and lifts up his face to be washed. When I say "that's enough," he goes away. As I leave my house to go to the city, he accompanies me to the door, then goes to a window and watches me, and if he loses sight of me at one window, he hurries to another. He knows at what time I ought to return in the afternoon; he never mistakes the train; when it is due, he runs up and down stairs to find some one who will open the front door and let him out to meet me. If it is raining he will meet me at the station with an umbrella in his mouth. When he sees my trunk brought downstairs he shows that he

knows I am going away for a long absence; and he knows I am going out for a walk only, when he sees me take up my hat and cane on a Sunday afternoon. When the servant says, "Dinner is served," he goes with the family to the dining-room. If I am not there he goes through the house in search of me, and when he finds me he tells me by his actions what he heard the servant say. In the evening he places himself near me, and sometimes he gets up and stands gazing at me with intense earnestness, his head erect and his tail waving. I know that now he has something on his mind. I put down my book and say, "What do you want?" I ask, for example, "Do you want some water?" If he still gazes at me, I know that I have not guessed his want. If I say to him, "Do you want to go outdoors? then get my hat!" he runs into the hall, finds the hat and brings it to me with an evident feeling of pride that I have understood him. If I am told, "Spot has been a naughty boy to-day; he went off on a tramp," and I look at him and say in a severe tone, "Where have you been?" he immediately hurries to me, puts his forefeet on my lap, licks my chin, and

lays his head against me. I interpret these motions as his language saying in reply to my question, "Don't speak of it, but forgive me." He repeats this language until I say, "I forgive you;" then he retires satisfied. When he comes into the house, he goes first to the room in which I am accustomed to be. If I am not there, he goes upstairs to my study. Not finding me there, he goes into my bedroom and looks through it; then up to the attic and searches all the rooms; then downstairs and visits each of the rooms again, in turn. If some one says to him, during his search, "Can't you find him?" he turns to that person with a wistful look, which says, "Do tell me where he is!" He pursues the same course to find me that a man would pursue, by planning and executing a search through all parts of the house.

All these acts are the work of a mind. His mind works also in dreams. Lying asleep he is sometimes agitated by an imaginary encounter with a foe, or by sensations of being in peril;

"Like a dog he hunts in dreams."

The mind in one dog is not like the mind

in another. There are bright dogs and there are stupid dogs; there are good dogs and there are rascal dogs; there are dogs who feel keenly a word of reproach, and there are dogs who resent it. Men may be divided into the same classes.

The truth is, that peculiarities of character and mental condition are as strongly marked in individual dogs as they are in individual men and women. This results partly from their lineage and partly from the circumstances in which they have been educated. As a dog reaches mental maturity when he has lived seven or eight years, or half of his natural lifetime, his period of education is brief; hence it is said, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks." And if he is always hustled out of the house and compelled to seek his society in the street or in the stable, he will become inferior in mental and moral development to one who is allowed to enjoy the sympathetic company and humanizing influences of a household.

I have come to believe that a person who shows love for a dog, thereby shows the possession of some of the best elements of human nature. Such a love is returned in

large abundance by the dog, to whom it becomes a tie binding him to his master, in whose society he thenceforth finds the complete satisfaction of life. This love grows easily out of home companionship, from which gradually comes an intimate knowledge of the canine heart and an appreciation of its strength and loyalty. When reading the Journal of Sir Walter Scott, I came upon a record which revealed a noble phase of his character. It was written on the day of the beginning of the disasters which finally overwhelmed him. "My extremity is come," he wrote. "I suppose it will involve my all. This news will make sad hearts at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I am half resolved never to see the place again. My dogs will wait for me in vain. The thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters; there may be those who, yet loving me, may love my dog because it has been mine. . . . I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere; this is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are."

The dog approaches man very closely in his feelings. There are but few human emotions that he does not show; and yet there are persons who cannot understand one's love for a favorite dog; such a dog, for example, as "Geist," whose name has been made immortal by Matthew Arnold's lyrical elegy at his grave. Geist lived only four years. Let me paraphrase the reflections of the master on the lost life of his "dear little friend:" —

Four years! Is it true, my dear little friend, that thy loving heart and patient soul were intended to reach so soon the end of their existence, as if to teach to me the brevity of human life?

In thy liquid, melancholy eyes I saw the soul-fed springs of human emotions. I saw a sensibility to tears for sorrow, a sympathy for suffering; such as Æneas felt when he exclaimed, "Tears are due to human misery, and human sufferings touch the heart!"[1] I also saw in thee

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[1] "That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry;
The sense of tears in mortal things."

The "Virgilian cry," to which Matthew Arnold alludes, is the exclamation of Æneas, when, with his friend

a gayety of spirit and an heroic temper. And is it possible that four years was their whole short day?

As the past can never be repeated, so thou canst never be restored to me. Not all the machinery of coming centuries, not all the resources of nature, with her vast powers of creation, can bring thee back. There may come another Geist, somewhat resembling thee; but thy little self can never see life again!

Such is the stern law to which man must submit. But finding it hard to bear, he imagines for himself an immortality, a second life; I know not what it is to be, nor where.

It was not so with Geist, who, without any

Achates, he was looking at the decorations of the Temple of Juno at Carthage. Among these he saw a painting which represented the long series of battles preceding the Fall of Troy. The scene bringing to mind all the miseries and sorrows of that event, he shed tears, and exclaimed: —

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt!"

[Tears are due to human misery, and human sufferings touch the heart!]

Connington's translation of this line is: —

"E'en here the tear of pity springs,
And hearts are touched by human things."

The thought in Arnold's mind was, evidently, this: The sympathetic heart of Geist, as revealed in his eyes, expressed the same sympathy in human sorrows which Æneas felt when he saw the picture in the temple. This reference to the "Virgilian cry" was a tribute to the human emotions of the dog.

thought of a second life, when the hour struck, laid himself humbly down to die; giving a last glance of love to his despondent master.

I will not let his memory perish. I will embalm it in this verse, which shall rehearse to future generations his wonderful arts, his ways, his looks. Still I see him everywhere. I stroke his brown paws; I call him to his vacant chair; I hail him at the window; I hear his scuffle on the stairs; I see him lift his ears to ask which way I am going. Everything brings to mind some recollection of my little friend now gone forever.

I was all the world to him; and being fondly zealous for his fame, I am not content merely to embalm his memory in verse; I will strive by other means to carry his fame to future years; I will bury him close by, where the grass is smooth and warm, marking with a stone his last abode; and when I, too, shall have passed away, those who see his grave will stop and say: "The people who lived here long ago intended, by this stone, to make known to future times their little friend Geist."

Thus I, through the power of my verse, will revive to immortality that four-years' life which has been destroyed by nature. Geist shall become immortal; he shall live forever in the realm of art!

The man who does not love his dog knows nothing of the truth expressed by Coleridge: —

> "He prayeth well who loveth well,
> Both man and bird and beast."

I have always felt an interest in "a dog that the king loved" and lost. Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary, May 25, 1660: "I went, and Mr. Mansell and one of the King's footmen and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did." This occurred at the landing of Charles the Second at Dover, when he was called from Holland to the throne of England. The "dog that the king loved" was not forgotten in the confusion of that memorable day. But soon after the landing the dog was lost; and the following advertisement appeared in a London newspaper of June 28, 1660, which, it may be supposed, refers to the "dog that the king loved:" —

"We must call upon you again for a black Dog, between a Grayhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, only a streak on his Brest, and his Tayl a little bobbed. It is his Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog

was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. *Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a dog?*"

This dog was "known at Court" because he lived with his master. The dog-owner, who imitates the king's example in this respect, will learn to love his dog.

How many men are as magnanimous as my dog? How many have his sense of pride, of shame, of compassion, of wrong, and of right? He is a better example than is usually seen in man, of the truth that obedience is the natural sequel of love. He possesses what is called reason, because he has abstract ideas which he shows by intentionally adapting means to ends. This act carries with it a knowledge of the relation between the means that he employs and the ends that he has in view. You may see this in the action of a shepherd's dog when he is told to head off a flock of sheep in a narrow lane, and he is behind the flock. He will jump over the fence and run up on the outside of it until he gets opposite the head of

the flock, when he will jump into the lane and turn the sheep back. A boy sent on the same errand will do it in the same way. A dog who is fond of going out with his master's carriage will hide himself when he hears an order for the carriage, lest he should be tied up and prevented from going with it. It is well known that chained dogs having a passion for killing sheep will slip off their collars to go on a raid, and on their return will slip into their collars and give themselves an innocent appearance. A dog who has been given meat at regular times, is ordered, as the meat is put before him, not to eat it; he obeys this order, and waits. Such acts are the result of a process of reasoning. You cannot call them instinct in a dog, unless you call them instinct in a man; for in each the mental process is similar.

When a dog has passed beyond his period of infancy his acts are attended by consciousness, which is the opposite of instinct. In animals lower than the dog on the scale of creation, instinct is hereditary; experience does not affect it. John Fiske describes it by saying: "The physical life of the lowest animals consists of a few simple acts directed

toward the securing of food and the avoidance of danger, and these acts we are in the habit of classing as instinctive."[1] Such animals have nothing to learn; their career is generally a repetition of the careers of their ancestors. I have a dog who, when he wants the door opened to admit him, strikes it with his paw. His mother asked for admission in the same way. Another stands before the door and whines for admission. So did his mother. While the dog has the power of doing some acts which its ancestors did, it also has latent capacities which are brought out by experience. Up to a certain point experience develops the canine mind as it develops the human mind. The difference between the growths of the two minds lies in the natural limitations of the one, and in the unlimited expansions of which the other is capable.

As I study my dog's consciousness it is hard to believe that there is no eternal life for him, while I am asked by philanthropists to believe that there is one for such inferior animals as the pigmy in Equatorial Africa, and the intoxicated vagabond whom my dog

[1] *The Destiny of Man*, p. 39.

will not permit to approach my door. Some quadrupeds as well as men were saved in the ark. Will any dogs be saved in the day when "Final ruin fiercely drives her ploughshare o'er creation?"

> "Can the love that filled those eyes,
> With most eloquent replies,
> When the glossy head close pressing,
> Grateful met your hand's caressing,
> Can the mute intelligence,
> Baffling oft our human sense
> With strange wisdom, buried be
> Under the wild cherry-tree?"

Sad as it may appear, there can be but one answer to such inquiries. Neither man nor dog is born for immortality by reason of being born with a mind. The Scriptures teach that immortality is a state for which man alone is a candidate; to him it is offered on one condition, which is embraced in the words of Him who spake as never man spake: "He that heareth me and believeth on Him that sent me hath eternal life." This life has not been offered to dogs. The mental attributes of my dog, which have attracted attention, must be considered as indicating merely his fitness for the purposes of his existence as my companion. When his life ends his mind must perish with it.

DAYS ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC

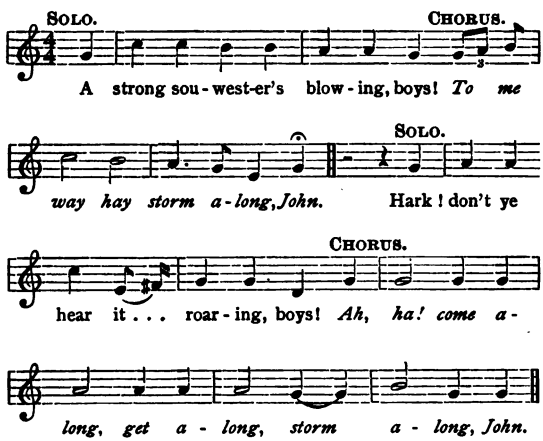
DAYS ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

LIFE on a ship is out of all harmony with life ashore. The dawn of the first morning at sea is the beginning of a new sort of existence. You find yourself in a strange house, filled by strange people, strange noises, and strange odors. There are no familiar associations; the range of your movements becomes narrow and limited; the range of your eyes is bounded by a monotonous horizon; you see in the great strength and bulk of the ship indications of perils that may be encountered; even the flowers, with which unwise friends persisted in adorning your cabin, suggest unpleasant thoughts as they "suffer a sea change" and are thrown overboard.

Saturday. — The pilot was discharged early in the afternoon. The steamship was reeling off the line of her voyage with rapid speed, when "the long black land" sunk out

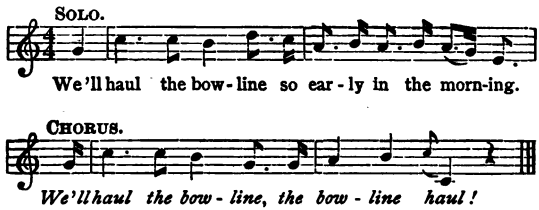
of sight in the west, and the sun went down. At the same time a sinking of the heart was felt by homesick passengers.

Sunday. — Morning is ushered in with various noises made by scrubbing-brushes, holy-stones, squilgees, and cataracts of water traversing the decks. The boatswain's whistle summons the watch to make sail. Eighteen rugged men take the foretopsail halyards in their hands and strike into a song; the leader of the watch repeating the solo in a stentorian voice, while all hands are lively on the chorus. Here it is: —



And as the song runs its rounds, the heavy

foretopsail yard slides slowly up to the masthead. "Now haul in the lee braces," says the whistle; and the men, tailing on the ropes, tramp the deck to another endless song and chorus: —



"Belay all," shouted by the boatswain, puts an end to the work, and to the sleep of the passengers. As the day wears on, a few sea-sick people, swathed in shawls, are brought up from their rooms, and are carefully packed into reclining chairs standing along the deck. These people have already become faint-hearted and disgusted with their venture on the sea. Some of them say that they would give a large price if they could now be put on board a steamer to return directly home; and they say that if they get safely back from this voyage (of which result they appear to have doubts), they will never go to sea again; never, so long as they live!

There are passengers who sympathize with the sufferers, and are ready to tell them what is "good for seasickness." They prescribe for the poor creatures an anodyne plaster, or sulphuric ether; some say that lemon juice is good, and some say champagne. Pills and plasters are recommended, also Christian science and cracked ice. But nobody praises the virtues of the shore. And yet, the only preventive of seasickness, for those who will be seasick, is the immovable shore.

Other passengers, who have stout stomachs, are now trying to get on their "sea legs;" they are trying to walk fore and aft the rolling ship, making one leg shorter than the other at will, as they walk. Those who cannot acquire this skill, or who refuse to be supple-kneed to the ocean, go skiting into the lee scuppers, where they lose their dignity and their temper; and these also wish they had stayed ashore.

So the first day of the voyage brings a severe trial to inexperienced voyagers. Their nerves are shattered, their bones ache, their sensations are disagreeable, their courage is exhausted, they become weary and faint,

while the ship offers them no consolation but a broth with onions in it. And yet delicate women, for the hopes which London and Paris hold forth, do not hesitate to submit themselves to this sea of uncleanly sufferings.

But he who is fond of voyaging, and who is never disturbed by the sea, will not wish for a more enjoyable day than this. The ship is doing her best work; steadied by her topsails and staysails, she is running and rolling to the east with an alacrity that suits an old sea-traveler's ideas. With what grace of motion she lifts her head and then dips it to the waters! How prettily she swings from larboard to starboard, while steadily pushing her way over long ranges of waves, swelling in vast heaps, which appear as if they were about to slide down and overwhelm her.

Monday. — A fog. The sails have been furled, and every preparation made to insure immediate action of the helm, should any object loom up suddenly in our way. A misty rain is driving down the wind, and the horizon ahead is bounded by the bowsprit. Two lookouts clothed in oil-skins are on the forecastle, two are in the foretop, and two are

on the bridge with the captain and officer of the watch. Their eyes and ears are alert to detect the mysteries concealed by the fog. Their watchings indicate perils to the ship; but she steams ahead as if she knew her course to be clear of every obstruction.

There is no comfort for passengers to be found on deck; the wet wind is harsh; everything fore and aft drips water. There is no comfort to be found in the cabin, where the atmosphere is bad, and a silence ominous of danger prevails. Many passengers remain in their berths. They hear the swash of the ocean against the ship's sides; they see the tips of the waves dash up and darken, for a moment, the little port-lights; they listen to the sough of the wind, and to the warning cry of the steam-whistle; they are speechless because of anxiety; they are thinking of the quiet homes they have left behind. That young bride, who is cushioned up in a corner of the gilded but gloomy saloon, probably wishes that she had never been married; for, in all her dreams of the future, there could not have been pictured such a disconsolate, such a dismal day as is this day at sea.

A few of the passengers answer the soft-

footed steward's call to lunch. As some of them reel up to the tables, their weary-looking faces suggest to one another the unnecessary question, "How do you feel to-day?" and perhaps they find some comfort in the fact that misery is a mutual friend. Meanwhile the captain's favorite cat walks along the sill under the saloon port-lights; she pauses to receive attentions from the few passengers who are at the table, looks at herself in the mirrors, and tries to catch the flies that have come with us from land. A girl says, "How it seems like home to see a cat here!" At the same moment a scream announces that a woman has seen rats in her stateroom; and an old seafarer says it is a good omen if you find rats aboard during a fog.

All day the fog has covered the ocean, and our steamer has been going through it at full speed. Suddenly a sailing ship looms up right ahead, and crossing our course. The bow of our steamer strikes her starboard quarter, cutting right through her hull, and immediately each vessel disappears from the other in the fog. The steamer is stopped and all hands are piped to the boats, while

carpenters sound the wells and report that there is no water in them. The covers of the boats are cut away in haste, fall tackles are manned, davits are swung out, and each boat's crew takes its place in quiet order. As soon as the boats float they are rowed away to find the ship. When they have returned with the wrecked crew, our steamer plunges ahead again into the fog as if nothing had happened.

Tuesday. — The wind and the sea have risen together, and early in the morning it becomes necessary to close every port-light and to shut the gangway doors. It is a cold wind; the look of the sky is harsh. There are to be seen those peculiar forms of clouds which, as an old saw says, "make high ships carry low sails." At noon the wind is blowing fresh from the northwest. There is a flying scud on the sea, and there is more of a breeze than nervous passengers desire. The topsails and fore-course are drawing full. The ship feels their impulse,

> "And swiftest of a thousand keels
> She leaps to the careering seas!"

Suddenly the wind hauls abeam, and the top of a wave jumps aboard amidships. It

knocks open the gangway doors, bounces into the cabin, swashes into the staterooms, and terrifies all the women and children. Now the lee sheet of the maintopsail parts, and the wind, lifting the great sail, thrashes it into ribbons. The watch hurry aloft, send down the topsail rags, and bend on a new sail, which is immediately hoisted. Then the men are sent up to furl everything, for the wind has suddenly hauled to the east of north, and only fore-and-aft sails can draw. All this is what seamen call fine weather.

Wednesday. — I went on deck at the break of day; the winds were still; the ocean appeared to be in truth a "gray and melancholy waste." Far off was a ship coming out of the east; her sails and spars were clearly outlined on the dawn. As we approached her she sheered up towards us and asked for our latitude and longitude. Then she resumed her course, and in a short time she was hull down in the west. As day advances, the ocean sparkles with life and brightness; a pleasant breeze runs over it; here and there white-caps are visible on the dancing waters. Those passengers who have been seasick are beginning to enjoy the voy-

age, and the most timid of them is admiring the scenery to-day. To the dullest eye the ship appears to be a thing of beauty. Indeed she is profane; for she says, "The sea is mine!"—as with a gently rolling gait she passes triumphantly over it, and goes unchecked on her course to England. In the afternoon we passed a large vessel, bottom up; and not long after, we passed an abandoned water-logged vessel with the stumps of three masts standing.

All day, under control of a boatswain, the watch on deck are scrubbing and polishing and painting, until no house is as clean as the ship. They scrape spars, patch canvas, rub brasses, put up chafing-gear, uncover and re-cover the boats. With all this appearance of business, there is in reality no important work for the watch to do. Very different is it with seamen aboard a sailing-ship. There, steady and hard work makes the voyage. To command a ship under sail is a pleasure which calls into use every mental faculty. But the steamship is merely a machine, whose moving power is independent of the supervising command. The engine pushes the hull through the sea, acting with

the precision of a chronometer. Sails are set on occasion. The captain is the gentleman of the voyage. He has a five-o'clock tea in his cabin. His steamship is navigated principally from the owner's office, whence instructions are issued to him as to the course he is to steer, the action he is to take in certain emergencies, and the day on which he is to arrive at his destination. The officer of the deck looks at the compass now and then, to assure himself that the quartermaster is steering according to orders; he lifts his glasses to scan the horizon; and, except when in a fog or a storm, there is little else for him to do but to work out the latitude and longitude.

Thursday. — The ocean is in angry mood this morning. We are pursued by a gale from the northwest. As day advances, both wind and sea are traveling faster than the steamer. At noon a tremendous wave bursts under the stern; its fragments fall like an avalanche on the after deck, causing the steamer to tremble fore and aft. As she lifts herself up from this attack, it is seen that bulwarks are broken, a boat has been swept away, great iron ventilators have been

wrenched off, and cataracts of water have been poured into the saloon, setting afloat everything therein that was movable. The passengers dare not venture out of their berths. Women are dazed with terror; as the gale increases in violence, some of them believe that they will never see the land again.

Friday. — This morning the barometer has fallen to 28° 36′; the wind is blowing from every quarter of the compass in succession, and it is veering about continually. We are very near the centre of a cyclonic hurricane. All passengers are excluded from the decks; they are battened down below as if they were cargo. The captain consults with his first officer and with his engineer; then he determines to abandon his eastward course and head the steamer off for the south, in order to get out of the whirl of the cyclone. The struggle between the ship and the ocean now presents a magnificent spectacle. Her deck is at times buried beneath green seas which tumble aboard in immense masses, and roar in angry cascades from one side to the other. She shivers through and through, as her continuous efforts are made against

the tempest. Anxiety is felt by the watchful officers on the bridge and in the engine-room; something more than anxiety is felt in the cabin, where, during the turmoil, a child is born. By night-fall the steamer has got clear of the tempest, and is standing up to her course, in a cold, tumultuous sea.

Saturday. — This is a sunny day; but there is a wild and a very confused ocean. Land of Goshen! how the good ship rolls! There is a savageness in her actions which gives me a new idea of her character. Down teeters the port rail into the seething foam, and when it rises down goes the starboard rail, dipping up green seas on either side alternately, while her quarters are shivering like a chilled hound. Sheets of spray fly up her sides and fall with the noise of pebbles on the deck. Passengers creep with sudden advances and sudden backslidings into the cabin, and brace themselves into secure seats. They are consoling themselves with the thought that the land is near, and that we shall soon be in more quiet waters.

Sunday. — The highlands of Kerry are in sight. There is the famous Dunquin, whose people boast that it is the next parish to the

United States. Halfway down its immense precipice of Sibyl Head, which descends fathoms deep into the Atlantic Ocean, may be seen a rocky projection, resembling a colossal Irishman with arm outstretched to the west, which is "Saint Patrick sending his blessing to Amerikay." Now we are shaping our course for Cape Clear. At noon we sight Browhead and the tall light-tower on Fastnet Rock. A heavy swell comes up from the southwest, and the steamer is taking on many disagreeable motions; but seasickness has disappeared. During the afternoon we run into smooth water under the lee of the Irish coast. Now everybody looks with wistful eyes at the green bluffs, and seems to have forgotten all the discomforts and perils of the voyage. When the steamer stops, about seventeen miles east of the Old Head of Kinsale, there are not many of her passengers who dare to say that they will never make another voyage across the North Atlantic Ocean.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ALBATROSS

THE FLIGHT OF THE ALBATROSS

THE wandering albatross lives in the air, and sleeps and bathes in the austral seas which stretch away below the thirtieth parallel of south latitude. It has been called the fateful bird of nautical romance. The Ancient Mariner, who with his cross-bow shot the albatross that followed his ship, confessed he "had done a hellish thing," which was to bring misfortune to him and his crew: —

> "For all averred I had killed the bird
> That made the breeze to blow,
> Ah! wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
> That made the breeze to blow."

It is the greatest of ocean birds, measuring about four feet from its beak to the end of its short tail, and having a spread of wings extending ten or eleven feet. Its beak is crooked and massive, and its webbed feet are

armed with stout nails. Its body resembles somewhat that of a goose; for which reason English sailors call it the Cape goose. Generally the color of the albatross is brown on its back, with a white breast and underfeathers; the brown changes to white, as age increases, and then no whiteness can excel the purity of its plumage. Whiter than a lily, whiter than snow, it has a pearly brilliancy which may be supposed to have come from the pure air and water in which it dwells. On account of its whiteness, French sailors call it *le mouton du Cap*, the Cape sheep. Only during the brief time of breeding do albatrosses go to land; at other times the Southern Ocean and the heavens above it are their home.

The movements of the albatross afford an interesting study to a voyager; and the question as to the mechanical principles by which these majestic birds move through the air serves to beguile the tedium of many a weary day at sea. In a calm their movements are clumsy; they appear to stumble, and to be unable to fly like other birds. But when a breeze comes, they set their enormous wings in a position to take it, and they

are then impelled through the air as quietly as a ship is impelled by a trade wind. They rarely ply their wings except when rising from the waves. Once up, away they go, —the wings, like studding-sails, outspread, with the wind, or against it; veering in this direction and in that by a turning of their beaks; hovering and circling around the ship, and gliding over the ocean with a great variety of motions, as a skater glides over the ice; or, at other times, driving a direct course into the eye of a gale. They may breakfast at the Cape of Good Hope, and dine at Cape Horn. Only now and then, in a journey of hours on hours, and miles on miles, do they vibrate their wings; and to an observer on the deck of a ship, all their motions appear to be the poetry of sailing.

But whether the albatross sails like a ship, or flies like a bird, is a question disputed by naturalists. It is admitted that the albatross appears to keep the tenor of its way through the air, "with giant vans outstretched and motionless." Mr. Darwin was unable to detect even a tremor of the quills. In his journal of a voyage around the world in the Beagle, when near Cape Horn, he says:

"The storm raged with its full fury; our horizon was narrowly limited by the sheets of spray borne by the wind. The sea looked ominous, like a dreary waving plain with patches of drifting snow; whilst the ship labored heavily, the albatross glided with its expanded wings right up the wind." De Lafresnaye, in the "Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire Naturelle," says: "At times one sees the albatrosses flying in the storm, against the most violent wind, without any effort, and without any appearance of their flight being slackened. In all these circumstances, it would seem as if they only hover, and one does not perceive the least flapping of their wings."[1] And Mr. Moseley, of the Challenger exploring ship, says, in his "Notes of a Naturalist," that the flight of the albatross "may be compared to that of a skillful skater on the outside edge. It ekes out to the utmost the momentum derived from a few powerful strokes, and uses it up slowly,

[1] "On les voit tantôt voler, dans les tempêtes, contre le vent le plus violent, sans effort et sans que leur vol en paraisse ralenti. Dans toutes ces circonstances, ils semblent ne faire que planer, et l'on ne s'aperçoit pas qu'ils impriment le moindre battement à leurs ailes."

making all possible use at the same time of the force of the wind."

The flight of the albatross has always excited wonder and admiration. The theory that it sails like a ship rather than flies like a bird is supported by the constant alteration of the angle of its wings with the surface of the sea, as it glides along; this change is made to catch the advantage of every current of air, and when the bird feels the breeze it instinctively assumes that angle which will give to it the most propulsion. By these means it keeps company with a ship, while, at the same time, it ranges far and wide over the ocean. On the contrary theory, the Duke of Argyll says that the albatross is merely an example of extreme perfection and special adaptation; that it is the potential energy of the bird's weight which enables it to fly, when once it has been lifted; and the fact of its flying into the eye of the wind does not prove that it sails like a ship, because a ship cannot sail directly into the wind; therefore the sailing of the bird must be absolutely different from that of a ship; and to assign to it a special power of sailing "is a pure delusion."

Let us allow the naturalists to settle that question.

As darkness comes over the sea, our ship leaves behind the albatrosses that have accompanied her during the day. They are now feeding upon broken food which the cook has thrown overboard. After this supper, they will compose themselves to sleep on the billows. The ship sails a hundred miles or more, and at the next sunrising the same albatrosses are discovered around her; known to be the same by some peculiarities of their plumage. How swift and brief and tireless must have been their pursuit of the ship, after they awoke from sleep!

Mr. Dana, in his "Two Years before the Mast," says: "At eight o'clock we altered our course to the northward, bound for Juan Fernandez. This day we saw the last of the albatrosses, which had been our companions a great part of the time off the Cape. I had been interested in the bird from descriptions, and Coleridge's poem, and was not at all disappointed. We caught one or two with a baited hook which we floated astern upon a shingle. Their long, flapping wings, long legs

and large staring eyes give them a peculiar appearance. They look well on the wing; but one of the finest sights that I have ever seen was an albatross asleep upon the water, during a calm, off Cape Horn, when a heavy sea was running. There being no breeze, the surface of the water was unbroken, but a long, heavy swell was rolling, and we saw the fellow, all white, directly ahead of us, asleep upon the waves with his head under his wing, now rising on the top of one of the big billows and then falling slowly until he was lost in the hollow between. He was undisturbed for some time, until the noise of our bows, gradually approaching, roused him, when, lifting his head, he stared upon us for a moment and then spread his wide wings and took his flight."

It has been said that the albatross is an inoffensive creature, that it never attacks a man. In the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" it is called a harmless bird: —

> "'Is it he?' quoth one; 'Is this the man?' —
> By him who died on cross,
> With his cruel bow, he laid full low
> The harmless albatross!"

This description of the nature of the bird is

incorrect, as the following incident shows. The ship Oracle, sixty days out from New York, bound to the Pacific Ocean, was in the latitude of the Falkland Islands; when, early in the morning, all hands were called to shorten sail. Two boys were sent to the mainroyal yard with orders to furl the royal, then lay below to the topgallant yard, and stow away the sail. Having furled the royal they came down, took their places on the lee and weather yard-arms, and began their work.

The sea was heavy, the ship was going fast with the wind to the south, and the yard had been braced up to help the boys in handling the sail; when, by the carelessness of the man at the wheel, the ship luffed and shivered, the sail flew up, and a boy was knocked from the lee yard-arm into the ocean. The other boy cried the alarm, "A man overboard!" and from his lofty perch he saw his chum swimming in the wake of the ship, which was running, like the ship of the Ancient Mariner,

> "With sloping masts and dipping prow."

As quick as possible, she was put about and headed for the swimmer, who was

courageously holding his own, while his shipmates stood at the bow and amidships, with lines and buoys ready to cast. Suddenly, an albatross, which had been hovering about the ship, sailed down and struck the boy's head with its talons. He sank from sight and was seen no more.

THE LAST MAN ON A WRECK

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Our ship was steaming in pursuit of her great circle course across the Pacific Ocean. The weather was wild and chilly; the sea was barren and uninteresting to the eye; and we sailed day after day without meeting any ship, or finding any variety in the voyage, save a fog bank, or a spell of sunshine, or a piece of drift-wood, or a fleet of tiny white nautiluses. At evening twilight the ocean seemed to me unusually desolate. The melancholy noise of its waters, the indistinctness of objects about the ship, and some unknown and oppressive influence, which checked conversation, compelled me to turn in and seek relief from the lonesomeness in sleep.

The next morning I heard the cry, "Sail ho!" called from the forecastle. On the horizon, in the sunlight, there was an object

which looked like a wreck. When our ship drew near, it proved to be the remains of a brig. Her foremast was standing, her foretopsail and jib were partly set, the foresail was hanging in the clewlines, the mainmast had been cut away, and the bulwarks were gone. Slimy green grass was growing on her sides. Her deck, all awash, was bent up in an arch by the swelling of wet lumber in the hold. Over the forecastle was spread a loose sail, which flapped up and down, and was wetted by the sea. On the foretop was a shelter made by a strip of canvas passing around it and lashed to the rigging. Evidently these places had been occupied by shipwrecked people; but there was no living thing to be seen, nor did there appear to be a spot on the wreck where any life could exist.

Immediately we sent off a boat to examine the wreck. On reaching it, two of the boat's crew ran aloft into the foretop. There was nothing in it. The officer in charge of the boat, who was standing up as it lay alongside the wreck, shouted to his men in the top to search in the canvas for a paper, a log-book, or something that would tell the story of the

wreck. He had hardly finished these orders when the emaciated figure of a half-clad, wretched-looking man rose up from under the sail on the forecastle right in front of him. The man's eyes were glassy and lifeless; he held one hand over his heart as if to suppress excitement, and, lifting up the other, he muttered a voiceless prayer, and fell back into the heap of wet canvas. The two seamen hurried down from aloft, and, lifting up the man, said: —

"Where are the rest of you?"

"All gone! All gone!" he replied.

He could only mutter the words in faint tones. Then he said, "Water! water!" and became insensible.

They tore away the sail from the forecastle, which was the only part of the vessel that was above the sea-level, and searched for his shipmates. Nobody there! it was true; they were "all gone!"

There was too much swell on the sea to allow the men to lift the insensible survivor gently into the boat; so they took him up, and, standing on the half-submerged bow of the wreck, they waited an opportunity, as it rose and fell, to drop him into the arms of

two men who stood in the boat to catch him. And so they received this living skeleton, and brought him aboard the steamer.

He was put to bed, and nourished with brandy and water. His legs were numb; he had lost the senses of taste and smell; his sense of sight was feeble; he weighed not more than one hundred pounds.

Two days later he showed signs of recovery. He could speak. The next day he began to tell his story of the wreck, the substance of which I embody in this narrative. He was master of the brig, which four months gone had sailed from San Francisco for Callao, having a company of ten seamen and two passengers. Two weeks after leaving port, the brig encountered a hurricane and became waterlogged. Then she drifted for one hundred and ten days at the mercy of the winds, and no help reached her in all that time. During the hurricane all the provisions were flooded; the sea got into the fresh-water casks, and, with the exception of a box of starch, some salted tongues, and salmon washed up from below, the men on the wreck had nothing to eat, nor had they anything to drink. Four of them died from

exposure. The eight who remained retreated to the foretop, around which they arranged the canvas shelter. The foretop was a semi-circular platform at the head of the fore-mast, about twenty-five feet above the deck, and about the size of half the circular top of a small table. They went down daily to catch fish for sustenance; their hooks were made of wire taken from the edge of a tin pan; their lines were strands of rigging; their bait was rags. With these equipments they caught skipjacks and albacores, and enough of them to lay away some to be dried. They chewed the raw fish, for they had no fire to cook them. By and by their throats became so parched and sore that they could not swallow what they chewed. Every night they climbed up into the fore-top to sleep. As they could not lie down in this small area, they slept leaning against the mast and against each other as best they could. When it rained, they caught water in a pan to drink. As there was but little of it for so many, they took the sheep-skins that had been used on the rigging for chaf-ing-gear, and, allotting a piece to each man, they spread the pieces on the edge of the

foretop to absorb dews that fell in the night. In the morning each man sucked dry his piece of wool to alleviate his thirst, and so they existed for sixty-five days. Then, having gone down from the foretop as usual to catch fish on the sixty-sixth day, they found themselves to be too weak to climb the rigging any more. That night they spread a sail on the forecastle, and lay down under it in the wet, hoping for the day to come speedily when they should be rescued.

There were two Italians in the crew, who now demanded that lots should be drawn for the death of one of the eight to furnish food for the others. The captain would not consent to this. He said that each man must take his chance for life, and all be saved or all be lost together. The others agreed with him indifferently. But the Italians were so intent on their plan that the captain, with the two passengers, agreed to watch them, and if they attempted murder to kill them at once. The captain had a loaded pistol in his pocket. Now hunger, thirst, and weakness increased every day. Still the captain encouraged his miserable fellows with the hope of a rescue. He said he had

dreamed about it. This hope was so much in his day-thoughts that he often fancied he heard the welcome cry, "Brig ahoy!" and, hearing it, as he supposed, he got up and peered out of the sail that covered them. But he never saw anything save the expanse of ocean and the expanse of sky. His comrades also scanned the horizon daily in search of a ship coming to their rescue. At different times they thought they saw three ships sailing on courses far away from them.

They had existed in this condition about ninety-five days, when, one morning, a bark under full sail came near the wreck, and was hove to abreast of it. There she was, in plain sight and motionless; her topsails were aback, her forestaysails a-weather, her helm a-lee. The poor men got up eagerly, and waved what they had that would attract attention. The Italians waded through the water on deck, got upon the stump of the mainmast, and waved their hats. All hands tried to shout together; their voices were feeble and husky; they could not make much of an outcry.

The stranger bark was so near that the shipwrecked men could have thrown a stone

aboard of her had they had their usual strength. They saw that her hull was painted black, with a gilt band running around it. They saw the letters of her name on the stern and trail-boards, but their eyes were too dizzy to read them. They saw that she had a new spanker set; they noticed it was new because it had not been stained by the weather. They saw three men go aft, and speak with a man standing on the quarter-deck, who wore a cap, and appeared to be the master; then they saw this man look at the wreck, and turn and talk with a woman who sat near him in a willow armchair, and who was wearing a black and red plaid shawl. The shipwrecked men saw all these things, as they thought, and waited to be taken off. But, to their great astonishment, the bark filled her topsails and sailed away.

Was this a phantasm? Its effect on the shipwrecked men was that of a reality.

On the afternoon of that day the two Italians became delirious and jumped overboard, and despair began to extinguish what life there was in the other sufferers. The next day three of them died, and the captain rolled their bodies into the ocean. Then the young-

est of the passengers died. He was not much more than a boy; but he had been resolute, and had tried hard to live. He said he had left a good mother at home, that he loved her, and wanted to see her once more.

The events on the wreck were written with a pencil, as they occurred, on the margins of a nautical almanac, by the captain or by the elder passenger. These two, being now the only survivors of the twelve who had sailed in the brig, laid themselves down under the sail on the forecastle to wait for death or for salvation. On the one hundred and seventh day, according to the notes on the margin of the almanac, it blew a gale. Green seas broke over the forecastle, drenching the two men under the canvas. It is a wonder that they were not washed off. At night it rained. The passenger crept out of the sail, caught a cupful of water, and drank the whole of it. In the morning he was missing. The captain then resolved that if help did not come with the next day, he would drink a mixture of bluestone and ink, which he had prepared, and so end his tormenting misery by poison. On that day our ship found and saved this last survivor of the wreck.

When he was landed, and as soon as his story became known, inquiries were made in every direction to learn the name of that bark which came alongside the wreck and then sailed away and abandoned it. No vessel answering to the description given was known to be afloat on the North Pacific Ocean at that time. It was therefore concluded that she was a creature of the diseased imaginations of the shipwrecked men.

The remarkable fact that the same vision appeared at the same time to all these men may be easily explained. One of them fancied that he, at last, saw the rescuing ship which all had been looking for; he told the news to his companions; he pointed to the coming vessel, and described her as she approached the wreck. Their minds had sunk to that semi-conscious state in which fancy and reality are quickly confused, and therefore they believed his words and imagined that they also saw what he described. Their strong desire for salvation had brought before their weary eyes the apparition of that for which they were earnestly longing.

SEVEN DAYS IN A JINRIKISHA

SEVEN DAYS IN A JINRIKISHA

THE commander of the Japanese steamer in which I took passage was an American, who, the day before, had married a sea-going widow of Shanghai. This was to be the honeymoon voyage, for which the day opened with a cold rain and a northeast gale. I was carried from my hotel, in the widow's city, to the steamer by a *jinrikisha,* — a miniature gig, or it may be called a great baby-carriage, having steel springs, two large, slender wheels, and a movable paper hood; the whole being so evenly poised when the passenger is seated that the man who runs between the shafts has no weight to support. At the wharf a crowd of people were waiting to give the newly married twain a noisy send-off, and as the ship swung out into the Woosung River she was saluted by the running explosions of fire-crackers, whirligigs,

and fuses hanging from bamboo poles. In the smoke and din of this honeymoon rejoicing I said good-bye to China.

On the morning of the third day at sea Japan was in sight; the gale had blown out; the sun was shining, and our ship was threading her way through quiet waters, between green islands, and under cliffs covered with verdure. After calling at Nagasaki she steamed up the coast, and at daylight of next morning anchored in the Straits of Shimonisaki. A cargo of rice in straw packages was brought to the ship in scows, and, having taken it aboard, she passed through the Inland Sea, and anchored on the next morning before the city of Hiogo. Thence she pursued her voyage to Yokohama without me; for I was to make the journey to that city in jinrikishas over the highway called the Tokaido.

The Tokaido is a broad macadamized road, extending along the southern shore of the island of Niphon from Shimonisaki to the city of Tokio. It was probably built centuries ago, is shaded by large and ancient cedar trees, skirts the seashore, traverses mountains, crosses rivers on stone bridges,

and passes through many populous towns and small villages, which afford such accommodations to travelers as Japanese customs demand. As no foreigner was allowed to make this overland journey except by permission of the government, I obtained, from the Japanese foreign office, passports to travel under these conditions: to obey all the police regulations of the country, not to engage in trade, not to commit matrimony nor any disturbance, nor to be longer on the way than forty days, and to return my passports on reaching Yokohama.

Some of the preparations for this journey of 350 miles, which would occupy seven days, were made at Hiogo, although the start was to be taken at Kiyoto, a large city fifty miles east of it, and connected with it by a railroad which ended there. As my party, which numbered three travelers, was not likely to find in the hostelries on the road such food as would be palatable according to our Anglo-Saxon education, I bought canned soups and meats, crackers, pickles, cheese, butter, sugar, pepper, salt, tumblers, plates, spoons, knives, forks, two round loaves of wheat bread, each about two feet

in diameter and a foot thick, and a few pounds of China tea.

I engaged a guide and interpreter to go with us. He was one of those modernized young men, sprouts of "New Japan," who have discarded the graceful native costumes for unsuitable European clothes. He had a faint moustache, a red cravat, patent-leather shoes, a switch cane, and a cigar-case. As the man and his belongings were an offense to my idea of the eternal fitness of things, I soon found a reason for dismissing him. In his place I took a natural Jap, at the price of one yen a day, and his return expenses to be paid back to Kiyoto. He wore Japanese clothes, and knew his proper place in the traveling train. He said he was a cook. Experience with him on the journey showed that he knew how to boil water and to make a pot of tea. He said he could speak English; which was "Yes, master," and "No, master," and a few other words, uttered with an articulation not easily understood by me.

After these preparations for the journey had been made, we took the railway train to Kiyoto, where, on showing our passports to the gateman at the station, we were allowed

to pass into the city. Here we were at once saluted by the cries of jinrikisha-men, each man expressing by gesticulations and a few English words an eagerness to carry us with our baggage and stores wherever we desired to go. Though noisy and alert for a trade, they were respectful to us and to each other. They loaded our stores and baggage into jinrikishas, while we got into others, and were then whirled rapidly away. A half-hour's ride through streets as clean as a garden walk, in which there is never a horse or a beast of burden to be seen, brought us to the Maruyama Hotel, a house on a hillside, overlooking the city, and kept by a Jap in the English style of hotel-keeping, as he comprehended it.

Our jinrikishas left us at the foot of the hill. We clambered up a paved walk, and entered the court-yard. A bright Japanese boy came at once to the open door, and said, "Good morning, gentlemans! You wants a room?—eh?" This was Matty, master of ceremonies, guide, interpreter, philosopher, and friend to the stranger who comes within the gates of the Maruyama. He was the handy go-between, connecting the guests of

the house and the host, who was as ignorant of our language as we were of his, the ignorance of each being a profit to Matty. On a table in the public room I found a small book containing names and notes written by travelers who had tarried at the hotel. I noticed under one of the names this warning: "Look out for the Japanese boy that speaks English!" This was a warning of which Matty was ignorant because he could not read it. So we looked out for him while he looked out for us.

As the house was empty of guests, we had a free choice of its accommodations. The sleeping-rooms, which were plainly furnished with American bedsteads and beds, opened by paper-covered sliding doors upon a balcony high above ground, and commanded a view of the valley in which Kiyoto is situated. From the balcony we could look down over the black-tiled roofs of houses and temples, over gardens and parks, and the crowded streets of this most interesting and picturesque city of Japan.

We now engaged jinrikishas and coolies for the overland journey. We required four vehicles for ourselves and the guide, with

two for the baggage and provisions. Two men are to draw each jinrikisha, one by the shafts and the other running ahead, in tandem style, harnessed to the carriage by a cord which is knotted to the shafts, and passes over his shoulder like a collar. The price to be paid for each man, including his jinrikisha, is seven *sen* a *ri*. A ri is about two and a half miles. The men wanted ten sen; but I have learned not to pay for anything the price asked; for the fundamental principle of trade in Asiatic countries is expressed in the old maxim: Let the buyer look out for himself. Besides, seven sen a ri was the price paid for jinrikishas running on the mail-service. A sen is a hundredth part of a Japanese *yen*, or paper dollar. The cost of a paper dollar purchased with drafts on London was about seventy cents. At this rate each of our jinrikisha men-horses received the value of less than a dollar in gold per day. He furnished the carriage, harnessed, stabled, grained, and groomed himself, and was entirely satisfied with the compensation.

When these men start upon a journey with jinrikishas, their dress usually consists

of a white cloth passed between the legs and wound tight around the waist; a blue cotton shirt, and under it a cotton chest-protector hanging from the neck, and held in its place by a strap buttoning on the back; sometimes a blue and white handkerchief is bound in a twist around the head. Sometimes they wear blue cotton trousers, and sometimes none at all. The feet are bare, or shod with sandals made of rice straw. As the men become warm by running, this clothing is drawn off, piece by piece, until there is nothing left upon the body but the waist cloth. Those who run with the jinrikishas are of all ages. The forms of some of them are tall, erect, pliant, and well proportioned. The forms of others are ugly, the muscles of their arms and legs being developed in great protuberances, and their bodies marked with the scars of eruptive sores which, it is said, this running and hauling labor causes. They have no intemperate habits. They stop frequently on the way at "tea-houses" to eat rice and tea, always kept ready in lacquered pails for service. At night they wrap themselves in a blanket, which is carried under the jinrikisha seat, with an oiled cloak, and

go to sleep upon the floor. While at their work, they show the cheerful disposition which is natural to the race. There is no envious rivalry among those who are traveling in the same train; but as they run they chat with each other and bandy compliments. They yield the lead of the train to that one of their companions who first takes it, and never press him to go faster in order to compel him to keep the place. Indeed they appear to be versed in all "the small sweet courtesies of life."

At eight o'clock in the morning of a bright April day we began to load our luggage, our stores, and ourselves into six jinrikishas, bound for Yokohama. Some of these vehicles were more roomy than others; and it was a question which each traveler had to decide for himself, whether it will be more comfortable to ride fifty miles to-day in this jinrikisha or in that one. Then all the luggage was sorted, packages were condensed, and the whole was stowed, unstowed, and stowed again, in order that the load might balance, so that no weight should fall upon the man in the shafts. At last the confusion incident to the beginning of such a jour-

ney was ended. Each one of us was seated in his jinrikisha, the runners stood in the shafts, the leaders in the leading cords, and I gave the signal to start.

"Sayonara!" — Farewell — we shouted to those we were leaving; and, turning our backs on Matty, who ran after us with a package of salt belonging to our stores, as if he would sprinkle the tail of our caravan in the expectation of catching us again, we trotted down the hill in a single line, and passing at a good pace through the streets of Kiyoto, we were soon rolling over the great public highway, the old thoroughfare of ancient Japan, — the Tokaido. It is thronged with Japanese travelers going in opposite directions; men and women, some of them with babies strapped upon their backs; little babies looking at the busy world over their mothers' shoulders. Some travelers are riding in jinrikishas, but the multitude are on foot; some are carrying a bamboo staff, a parcel tied up in a blue cotton cloth, and the ever-present umbrella, with which they shade their heads from the sun. No one wears a hat, and as for bonnets or milliner's head-dresses, no place

could be found for such a thing upon the head of any woman born in Japan.

Not a horse, nor a cow, nor any beast of burden was to be seen on the Tokaido. We met post-runners and messengers with dispatches striding along the road, carrying their packet of letters or papers tied to the end of a long bamboo stick which rested on their shoulders. We met bare-legged men trundling barrows; others carrying baskets filled with fresh clover, flowering plants, oranges, sweet potatoes, radishes, fish, billets of wood, straw-bound packages of rice, charcoal, and various wares intended for the city market. Others, grunting a guttural chant which sounded like the words, "Heave-o-lugga! Heave-o-lugga!" to which they walked in a slow step, were toiling along with boxes and casks of merchandise, suspended in rope slings from large bamboo sticks supported on their shoulders. An hour's run of seven miles brought us to the town of Otsu, at the foot of Lake Bewa, where we rested. All the way we met a continuous stream of travelers thronging the Tokaido. And so, during each day of the journey, we were in company with detach-

ments of the itinerant multitude going east and going west, a bright panorama of active life which appeared to have no end. At night we pulled up at a *yadoya*, or public inn, where our guide was allowed to cook our meals on the public braziers over a fire of charcoal, and we were permitted to make ourselves at home, as if we were the lords of the manor. Here we slept in our own blankets in rooms floored with straw mats, and walled by sliding paper sashes, and lighted by a shaded oil lamp. Sometimes the sashes were gently moved aside, and a young Japanese face peeped in; for we were objects of curiosity to the inmates of the house as much as they were to us.

Every town has its jinrikishas and jinrikisha men, for hire. Our first jinrikisha team ran a distance of one hundred miles, in the first two days of the journey, between the hours of eight in the morning and six in the evening, stopping frequently on the road. At the end of the second day the men appeared to be as fresh as when they started from Kiyoto. Some of them would go no farther, being desirous to return home; others wanted to go through to Yokohama.

On account of disagreements I found it advantageous to change men and carriages every day, hiring those belonging to the district in which we were traveling. On the fifth day of our journey, the men drew us sixty-four miles, without showing any fatigue, and on one stage of this day's journey they traveled eight miles in an hour. It was a bright, cool day; I noticed that wheat in the fields was headed, clover was tall, and azaleas were in bloom. I noticed also many square lots of fallow earth, covered with shallow water and studded with rice stubble. There were many plantations of tea on the roadsides, in which men and women were at work. Arrived at Yeshiri, after sunset, we found the public inns full of noisy travelers; so we rode to the headquarters of the police, and showing our passports, we requested to be furnished with lodgings for the night. An officer was detailed, who conducted us to the house of a private family, which gave for our use their second floor, the attic, consisting of one large room. Here our beds were made on the floor; our supper, cooked by the assistance of the family down-stairs, was spread on small lacquered tables; and the

dark-eyed daughters of the house came upstairs and sat on the floor beside us, smiling to see the foreigners eat bread and butter.

The villages through which the Tokaido runs keep the highway clean and free from obstructions. I consider this hard, smooth, dustless highway to be an indication of a high state of civilization in Japan. On each side of it, telegraph wires are supported by neat tripod poles, on which are painted the numbers in both Japanese and Arabic figures. Day after day, as we traveled, I noticed that the out-door occupations of the people were drying fish, drying teas, sowing rice, bleaching laces, spinning and weaving cloths; and I saw them in every village dyeing blue cottons, which are universally worn, and stretching the cloth on frames to be dried by their house-doors.

At one point of our journey we abandoned the jinrikishas, and took a large sail-boat to cross the wide ferry at Arai. The wind was light, the tide was against us, and we arrived at the further side after dark. No jinrikishas were waiting for us. I stood on the beach, shouting for them long and loud. At last the cry reached the sleepy ear of the

little village; and jinrikisha men rallied to meet us. That night we rode until nine o'clock, with paper lanterns hanging on our shafts, according to law. The next afternoon we again abandoned the jinrikishas to cross a mountain on foot, the road being too steep for vehicles. Reaching Mishima, we exchanged jinrikishas for *kagas*. These are open baskets, suspended from poles resting on the shoulders of men; and in these our train was carried up the precipitous mountains of Hakone. It was long after dark when we arrived at the inn by Hakone Lake; our arrival being in the shape of a triumphant procession, in which flaming bamboo torches were carried by men walking on each side of the kagas to light the way. The next afternoon, after descending the other side of the mountains, we resumed jinrikishas, and, as we approached Yokohama from Odawara, where we slept on the seventh day of our journey, we met horses on the road, and English-built vehicles, and persons in European dress, and many indications of our approach to those foreign influences which are destroying picturesque Japan.

COLONIAL TIMES ON BUZZARD'S BAY.

BY WILLIAM ROOT BLISS.

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beginning to end. Its vivid pictures of homespun life and manners in the Plymouth Colony are drawn by a skillful hand. The shores of Buzzard's Bay are repeopled with colonial farmers and fishermen, parsons and justices of His Majesty's peace, church gossips and penitent sinners; their manuscripts are quoted, their account-books are examined; the reader can see how they lived and acted, and can survey them as they surveyed themselves.

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Extracts from Letters Received.

. . . Last summer I was fortunate enough to strike your "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay." It has ever since been my intention to write to you to express my keen appreciation of the book, which has in it more of the salt sea flavor of Cape Cod soil, combined with a more sympathetic appreciation of the humors and individuality of Colonial New England life, than any other of the innumerable and inconceivably prosaic attempts that I have met with.

Quincy, Mass. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

. . . I have read your "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay" with care, and I thank you most sincerely for the service you have done to that corner of the Old Colony. I am impressed again with the charm of the story as you have painted it, and with the faithfulness of your expression of the characteristics of the region as I knew it. I am very glad of every enlargement which I find in this new edition; I know no book of the kind which is so well done.

FRANKLIN B. DEXTER.

Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

. . . You have made a success in your "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay." Your eye for the facts and your touch in description are so rare that the picture, as you leave it, is quite perfect,—an unspoiled photograph of the real scenes and people. Such books are not often made, and their value to the scholar and interest to readers will grow as time passes.

Washington, D. C. EDWARD C. TOWNE.

. . . I have just read your "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay," and want to thank you for the pleasure it has given me. I read it with avidity; it held me fast until I had finished it. It is the manner in which the small affairs of our New England towns are presented that makes them engaging or dry as dust. You have hit the manner and method.

Newcastle, New Hampshire. JOHN ALBEE.

. . . I have seldom read a book with more interest than your "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay;" although I am grieved to find that one of my own name should have furnished one of the few instances of profanity that marred the Wareham records, and that another had his ears rubbed, with other indignities, at the hands of one Bourn. I make my regular pilgrimages to the shores of Buzzard's Bay, and shall always be grateful for your book at such times.

1st Lieutenant 5th U. S. Cavalry, EBEN SWIFT.
Fort Reno, Indian Territory.

. . . I picked up on the library table of the club, this evening, your delightful book, "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay;" and I wish to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading it. It seems as if, as a boy, in Woodstock, Connecticut, I have talked to the very people you describe in your book. CLARENCE W. BOWEN.

The Hamilton Club, Brooklyn, New York.

. . . I have read your "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay" with very great interest. There is a quaint old-world flavor about it which to me is most pleasant and agreeable, and I am very glad to have it in my library.

The Manse, Bedford, England. JOHN BROWN.

Extracts from Notices in the Press.

From the New York Evening Post.

It is a vividly told description of life in southern Massachusetts. Its tale of the simple doings of a New England hamlet in the last century will seem commonplace enough to those unchanging old Yankee farmers, and they will receive it with the tolerant but superior smile which they accord to the vagaries of the city seeker for spinning-wheels and old brass candlesticks. But for the summer sojourner there is a delightful charm about Mr. Bliss's animated narrative of the olden time which amply accounts for the popularity which is being accorded to it.

From the Boston Daily Transcript.

It is a series of most charming pictures of old-time life, a New England idyl and poem in prose. It has not a dull page, is full of vivacity, and the style is chaste and scholarly. The south shore of Buzzard's Bay, in general, is well known to summer tourists. They will find no more charming book than this of their favorite haunts.

From the Boston Traveller.

No more charming volume has been recently published than "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay." Mr. Bliss has used the old records, to which he had access, with a rare skill. He has clothed these skeleton statements with flesh and made them instinct with life and spirit. No more delightful picture of old-time New England life has yet been drawn, and the chapters are gems in the way of description and vivid suggestion.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Bliss is a zealous antiquary who has a considerable literary gift, and consequently his picture is both accurate and charming. The life it reveals, however, is not charming. Its best characteristics were shrewdness and thrift. It is impossible not to smile over the evidence to these qualities contained in the charge to a hired man for time lost on account of "fever and ago, four fites one week and three the next."

From the Boston Herald.

No person can feel that he really knows early New England life who has not read this work. Its preparation has engrossed the leisure hours of the author for many years, and he gives almost sacred character to a portion of the New England coast, which has now become attractive to summer residents from all parts of the country.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Mr. Bliss here proves that the story of a town in the hands of a competent delineator like himself is well worth telling. The languid novel-reader will find more in the pages of this volume to entertain him than in many a much praised work of professed fiction. "The Town's Meeting House," "The Town's Minister," "The Town's Schoolmaster," "Town Life in the Revolution," "The Town's Bass-viol," and "Final Transformations," are far pleasanter in the perusal than some chapters of romance which has a large sale.

From the New York Mail and Express.

Mr. Bliss's work differs from the majority of books based upon colonial manuscripts in that it has, besides its antiquarian interest, a distinct literary character, and that lifelike quality which results from the author's complete absorption of the characteristics of the times concerning which he writes. His book reflects the talk, the manners, and the spirit of those days, and gives what is probably as faithful a picture of life in any one of the New England colonies as in that of Plymouth. It forms one of the most entertaining contributions to our colonial history.

From the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Times.

Colonial times are not so very many years behind us, yet this reproduction by Mr. Bliss of the social life of our ancestors reads like the tale of another people in the far-distant past. Frequent quotations from the old records make the picture almost photographic in its details.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Besides being a capital presentation of the way our sturdy ancestors of colonial days lived, acted, thought, behaved, and misbehaved, the book is replete with valuable historical information of special interest to certain well-known families like the Thachers and Fearings, and to the general reading public. The work is bright, well-written, and wholesome, and will be particularly enjoyed by all who have chanced to pass a summer at or near Buzzard's Bay.

From the Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Bliss has reconstructed a vivid and undeniably truthful picture of colonial life. He has followed the quaint language and unique orthography of the colonists. But his own narrative is judiciously mingled with these citations. The result is a most agreeable book, whose principal charm is picturesqueness of detail and a historical accuracy so obvious and vivid that a skillful novelist might here find ample materials for the background and *mise en scène* of a novel, whose characters should be of the colonists of Buzzard's Bay.

From the Utica (N. Y.) Morning Herald.

The reader is taken into the heart of the families, the bar-room of the tavern, the assemblies at the town meetings, the husking bees and paring bees, and is made to see the people in their daily walk and conversation. When the book is closed, after the enjoyment of perusal, the reader feels intimately acquainted with the whole circle who lived in "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay." As a chapter of history, as a portraiture of scenery and character, it is a literary gem.

From the Titusville (Pa.) Morning Herald.

The writer, Mr. William Root Bliss, throws the glow of romance around crabbed records by the charms of a poetic style, by the genial sympathy of a true antiquarian.

From the Independent, New York.

The volume is one of very great merit, and its reading is none the less enjoyable for the humor that lends a quiet glow to the author's style, or breaks in occasionally upon his sober passages. The love which guides his pen is unaffected and strong enough to warm his pages, but it has the earthly quality of Keats's verse, and depends for its charm on the simple fascination of a natural presentation. Mr. Bliss is no censor, and certainly no satirist. His pages are bright, sympathetic, and rich in humorous examples, for proof of which we must commend our readers to them.

From the Christian at Work, New York.

A complete and most interesting picture of the old colonial times in that section of the Plymouth Colony lying on the shores of Buzzard's Bay. So vividly, and with such graphic force, have these times been reproduced in these pages, that we seem to be living them over ourselves. To say that it is an interesting book is to say but little, — it is a charming one.

From the Christian Union, New York.

Mr. Bliss sketches with a firm hand a picture of old-fashioned life, character, and society as they were formerly to be found on the shores of Buzzard's Bay. He has conceived and illustrated it with real literary insight and felicity. He has used his materials with such skill and infused so much humor and human interest into his work as to give his narrative much of the charm of a story, so that it becomes in a sense the romance of the life of an old town.

From the Congregationalist, Boston.

We have enjoyed "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay," very much. It contains many quaint and amusing facts, and is written picturesquely. It is pervaded by the flavor of antiquity in an unusual degree, without being at all dull.

From the Churchman, New York.

It is well done and is full of the interest which attaches to a life long since entirely passed away. Mr. Bliss has evidently taken great delight in his work, and his success approves his pains.

From the New York Evangelist.

It is a lovely picture of a quaint and individual people. The discipline of Abigail Muxom for "talking and joaking like young people" with a man not her husband, shows up in contrast to the society newspapers of to-day about as sharply as does the beating of the town drum by the sexton to call the people to church, with the recent contention as to the silencing of church bells. Altogether it is a charming book.

From the New Englander.

The writer of this book has been so successful in what he has attempted that even those who have never seen the picturesque scenes which he describes — the fine woodlands "with soft brown silence carpeted," the rivers and ponds, the sedgy field brooks — will read these daintily printed pages with interest, and learn to share with the author some of the feelings which have given him inspiration.

From the London Times.

"Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay" shows how slightly the habits of these simple and strait-laced communities have changed in the course of a couple of centuries. Like Dr. Jessop's reconstruction of mediæval society in our own eastern counties, it is founded entirely on contemporary records, kept and preserved with great care.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

"Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay," by William Root Bliss. The appearance of a second edition of this book gives us another opportunity to commend the painstaking and affectionate labor which has taken material somewhat scorned by the historian, or used only with unpalatable dryness, and has constructed a most readable account of a corner of New England. The new chapters on The Squire, and Impressments for the King, are distinct additions, and of a piece with the rest of the book.

This book is for sale by booksellers, and will be sent to any address, postpaid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price